

# THE FAVORITE

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## A PERFECT DAY.

BY JAMES OWEN, THE IRISH TRAGEDIAN AND POET.

I. I rose me with the sun,  
Intent upon a full and perfect day;  
Neither did I neglect to praise and pray—  
Thus was my day begun:  
Young life hung out its red flags on my cheek  
Nor in my locks were any silver streaks;  
And an hour pass'd, well done.

II. Noon came, and lastly, night;  
And now I hark the solemn midnight bell;  
The watchman drawleth, 'Twelve, and all well!  
But is the watchman right?  
What saith the mentor Conscience? Can it say  
'This day hath been a full and perfect day  
A saint in spotless white'?

III. Ah, no! for in despite  
Of vigilance, of effort, grace, and will,  
Sad slips and lapses were occurring still;  
Robbing the day of light;  
And frequent falls in deed and word and thought  
Brought down my contemplated day to naught,  
Even to seeming night.

IV. So will it be alway?  
Must each day end, a sinner and unclean,  
Possessing and disfiguring the scene,  
Endeavor how we may?  
If we but will'd, this side the grave might sin  
And night give place to usher wholly in  
The full and perfect day?

V. Now the bells ring out—one!  
The night—the dark sad night—hath pass'd  
away.

Come, forth, O day! O full and perfect day!  
Arise, O life! sun!  
Arouse thee, Nature! and, O heart of me,  
Gird up thy loins, that this new day may be  
No child of time, but of eternity;  
A joy, a gem, a bloodless victory,  
A perfect day, well done!

## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

### A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from  
the French of Paul Duplessis.)

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

As soon as he was in the street, De Maurevert, according to his praiseworthy habit, set himself to examine from all points of view the new business on which he was entering; for, in offering to act as messenger to Raoul, he had an ulterior object in his mind.

"I must not shut my eyes to the fact I have a very delicate mission to fulfil, and one that is beset with difficulties," he said to himself as he walked at a slow pace. "How shall I contrive to gain admission to the little house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux? In what manner shall I address its mistress when I reach her? Bah!—is not chance my friend? It is sure to help me out of all difficulties."

Without any fixed plan of action, therefore, the captain at length reached his destination. "The deuce!" he said to himself, after having carefully examined the mysterious habitation—"windows shut, blinds close-drawn! Does nobody live here? No; I see how it is. I have chosen ill the hour of my visit. The goddesses who preside over these discreet retreats resemble planets, that only take their flight by night;



"SHE REMOVED HER MASK, AND LOOKED FIXEDLY AT HER INTERLOCUTOR."

they delight in darkness. Well, I am in no hurry; let me take a post of observation." His eyes rested on the bushes behind which Lehardy had concealed himself two days previously for the purpose of watching Raoul. "Here are advanced works that will suit my purpose admirably," he said. "From this ambuscade I shall be able to watch the enemy's position perfectly, and without my presence being suspected."

To make precaution doubly sure, the captain chose a hollow in the ground, which formed almost a ditch, and lay down in it, with his face towards the lonely house.

For the first half-hour nothing occurred to awaken his attention or disturb his watch, and, somewhat discouraged by the unsuccessfulness of his stratagem, he was beginning to think of moving off, when the dim outlines of two men coming towards him met his view.

The arrival of two men at that particular spot was not in any way an extraordinary circumstance. The captain, however, knit himself closely, like a gigantic boa preparing to dart upon his prey, and waited the coming of the two men. He had done well to trust to chance.

A few minutes later the two pedestrians reached the garden wall of the solitary house; and from the words they addressed to each other in a low tone while examining the building, it was evident that their presence on the spot was not without an object. The costume of both was that of common persons, and that detail strongly attracted the captain's attention.

"It is hardly possible that the mistress of this house would give a rendez-vous to such persons as these," he thought. "Ah!—by Mercury, the god of thieves and other rascals, I see how it is! These fellows are placed here as sentinels for

their master. They are to keep watch against surprise from without. Who can the lady be—and who her cavalier? I must find that out."

An exclamation of astonishment suddenly broke from him. The two strangers, who so far had had their backs towards him, turned round, and in them he recognized his two old acquaintances, the Apostle Benoist and the Seigneur Croixmore.

At this altogether unexpected discovery, De Maurevert hesitated; but his decision was speedily taken. He sprang from the grass, and quickly re-adjusting the belt of his sword, advanced with giant strides towards Croixmore and Benoist.

"Horns of the devil, dear friends!" he cried, "you fill me with delight!"

At the apparition of De Maurevert, who seemed to have sprung out of the earth, the servant of the Marquis de la Tremblais and the bandit of the province of Auvergne appeared dumbfounded. Their first movement was to take to flight, their second to put themselves on the defensive.

"By Pluto's beard!" continued the adventurer, in a friendly tone, and with a smiling visage, "one might almost imagine that my presence was disagreeable to you. You surely do not harbor any ill-will towards me, Croixmore, because of the magnanimity I displayed in the matter of your ransom?—nor you, Benoist, because I could not make up my mind to allow you to hang my friend, the Chevalier Sforzi? The devil!—we are no longer in Auvergne, but in Paris, and have no longer the same motive for tilting at one another here as down yonder. I don't suppose you, Croixmore, have any idea of making me prisoner of war, or you, Benoist, of hanging me out of hand; these pastimes, well enough to occupy the leisure of a country life,

are not in fashion at Paris. In Auvergne, the feudal nobility does what it likes; in Paris, the king reigns. But, after all, if you really do bear me a grudge, and hanker after revenge, you have only to say the word. Do not let the fact of my being alone restrain you; I feel quite strong enough to send you both to pay your respects to your master Satan!

De Maurevert moved backwards three paces and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"I am waiting for your answer," he said, coolly. "Is it peace or war?"

"Captain," replied Croixmore, "you must attribute the coldness of our reception to our astonishment. So far from being unpleasant, your presence is, on the contrary, agreeable to us in the highest degree; and Benoist and myself wish for nothing better than to drown with you all remembrance of old enmities in a flood of good wine."

"That is what I call a golden speech," cried De Maurevert. "Who knows, dear companions, but that we may shortly realize some honest profit together. I have my Paris on my fingertips; not one of the resources it offers are unknown to me. I often require the aid of valiant swords and bold and subtle companions. Tell me, if a brilliant occasion were to present itself, would your time be at your disposal? Are you your own master? Might I count upon you?" "That would depend," replied Croixmore. "If the expedition were of short duration, yes; if it required us to be absent for more than a day, no."

"You are engaged to some one, then?"

"I have the honour to be attached to the person of the Marquis de la Tremblais," replied the bandit, hoarsely.

"Is it possible, Croixmore, that you are no longer a castellan? What have you done with your charming fortress of Tournoll?"

"Monsieur le Marquis did us the honour to besiege it, and take it by assault."

"And for doing you this great favour, you have entered the Marquis's service? That appears to me a very singular result."

Before replying, Croixmore cast an oblique glance at the apostle Benoist, who still remained silent; then, in a softened and hypocritical tone, he went on:

"Monsieur might have had me hanged; he granted me my life. I shall never know how sufficiently to repay his clemency by my devotion and zeal."

De Maurevert, in his turn, took a furtive glance at Benoist, and, doubtless judging that it would be injudicious to push the subject further, turned the conversation into another channel.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "since we are on such good terms, I will not beat about the bush with you, but tell me frankly that your presence here at this moment is infinitely inconvenient to me. Can you possibly leave me here alone? You would be rendering me a really friendly service."

"It can't be, captain," replied Benoist, roughly.

"So," thought De Maurevert, "the Marquis de la Tremblais must be in the house!"

"At least," continued the captain, passing his arm through that of Croixmore, "you are not obliged to stand planted, like statues, on this particular spot? To take up a position in front of an isolated house, without concealment, shows an unpardonable want of tact, and smells of the province a league off; so, far from protecting a master in his good fortune, it is sure to draw attention towards him, and expose him to the risk of being gravely compromised when he comes from his *litté-à-litté*. You must see that, just as I was lately concealed without your suspecting my presence, other spies may be observing our movements. Let us affect a careless air, and walk about as if we were duellists awaiting our adversaries."

De Maurevert drew Croixmore in a direction opposite to that taken by Benoist.

"Croixmore," he said, rapidly, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "you can earn ten crowns by frankly answering my questions. The Marquis de la Tremblais is now in this house, is he not?"

"Yes," replied the bandit, in the same low tone.

"Is there any need of a pass-word to gain admission there?"

"Certainly there is."

"And you know what it is, Croixmore?"

"Yes; I know what it is."

"Tell it me, quickly!"

"What!—betray my master for ten crowns? That would be too contemptible. I prefer to hold my tongue."

"I never haggle with men of spirit. I will give you twenty crowns to tell me the pass-word."



## CHAPTER XXXV.

## AN AFTERNOON WELL SPENT.

"Payable when?"  
 "At once, if you require it."  
 "No; Benoist is watching us."  
 "Well, then, at my hostelry—the Stag's Head, in the Rue des Tournelles."

"I accept. The word is—Guise and Italy."  
 "Very good. Now raise your voice and talk of anything that comes into your head; Benoist is coming towards us."

After having made a dozen turns in company with Croixmore, De Maurevert moved towards the apostle, who was approaching almost on tiptoe.

"Are you going to remain on guard here till night, Benoist?" he asked.

"I am not bound to give you an account of my actions, captain," replied the apostle, brusquely.

"Benoist," said De Maurevert, calmly, "from the little politeness you now exhibit, I imagine you must have a bad memory. Recall to mind that I have once already, at the inn at Saint-Pardoux, slightly incommoded you; and be quite assured that, should ever the fancy take me to knock out your brains completely, I shall not deny myself that gratification."

The apostle made no reply; but out of his viper-eyes he darted a glance of deadly hatred at his adversary.

De Maurevert abandoned Croixmore's arm, and moved away in the direction of the solitary house. It was only after the third blow of the knocker that a faint sound was heard in the interior; and shortly afterwards a small grating in the door, so closely barred with iron as scarcely to afford admission to the point of a dagger, was opened with a creaking sound, and a masculine voice demanded of De Maurevert what he wanted.

"Guise and Italy," answered the captain.

The door in an instant turned noiselessly on its hinges, and the captain resolutely passed into the mysterious dwelling-place.

"Inform your noble and honored mistress," he replied, "that one of her most intimate and devoted servants desires to see her without a moment's delay, to convey to her a communication of the highest importance."

Whether it was that the captain's decided tone imposed on the man who opened the door to him, or whether the latter had orders not to question any person possessing the pass-word, he hurried away to execute the visitor's order.

"Monsieur," he said, returning almost immediately, "will you have the goodness to follow me?—my mistress awaits you."

De Maurevert did not wait for the invitation to be repeated. With rapid strides he ascended the same stairs Raoul had mounted two days before; but instead of being introduced, as the chevalier had been, into the oratory, he was conducted into another room.

"*Tudieu!*" he cried, taking in at a glance the details of the whole apartment, "I am no longer surprised at the fair Marie making such handsome presents. What luxury! Whom can she be?—a descendant of Danae? But her Jupiter? Paris, as I well know, does not furnish one—If I except Messieurs D'O, or De Villequier. Yes; possibly it is one of these. Only such eminent thieves could be able to afford all this splendor. I hear the rustling of a dress. If she should take a fancy to me!"

De Maurevert, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking firm as an oak, felt considerably moved as the unknown mistress of the solitary house entered the room. She wore a half mask, and she limped slightly. The latter characteristic gave the captain infinite satisfaction.

"If she were only as ugly as sin, my chances would be so much the better!" he muttered to himself. The proud and somewhat theatrical bearing of the young lady somewhat discomposed the gallant captain, however. "I am not used to these great ladies," he thought, "and this one certainly belongs to the high nobility. However, I will do my best."

On seeing the adventurer, Marie uttered a faint cry of surprise. Seating herself in an arm-chair, she said, in an imperious tone:

"I did not expect the honor of seeing you, Captain De Maurevert. What has procured me the pleasure of this visit? How have you succeeded in reaching my presence?"

Extremely astonished to find himself thus well-known to Marie, De Maurevert was so taken aback as to lose his habitual assurance. To conceal his embarrassment, he took a seat.

"Did I invite you to sit down, captain?" demanded the unknown.

At this question, at once disdainful and arrogant, De Maurevert could not control an angry impulse.

"My charmer," he replied, moving his chair nearer, "I did not know that we were at the Louvre in the presence of his majesty. The deuce!—pardon; I retract the word. By Venus, I should have said—by Master Cupid, if you preferit—the etiquette of such houses as this is not quite so rigid as that of the royal palace, I fancy."

"Captain," interrupted Marie, "I have not come here to listen to such old soldiers' jargon. Saying which, she removed her mask, and looked fixedly at her interlocutor.

De Maurevert bounded from his chair as if it had suddenly turned into a red-hot gridiron, and with an air of confusion, and bowing lowly before Marie, said with the deepest respect:

"Deign to pardon my foolish conduct, your highness. I was so far from thinking of the honor your highness confers upon me by this audience."

The unknown, whom De Maurevert had addressed as "Highness," but whom we shall continue to call "Marie," received the adventurer's excuses like a woman accustomed to the most humble homage.

For an instant disconcerted, the captain speedily recovered his full presence of mind; he was, indeed, not the man to remain long abashed by defeat.

Whether it was that the adventurer's respectful submission had disarmed Marie's anger, or that she did not desire to make an enemy of him—or, possibly, that she had need of his services—it was in an almost kindly tone that she next addressed him.

"Captain," she said, "before proceeding further with this interview, I desire to know what means you employed to reach my presence. Your presence here is not the result of an odious indiscretion—or of an act of cowardly treachery?"

"Madame," replied De Maurevert, slowly, and weighing every one of his words, "your suppositions—so humiliating to my self-esteem—are entirely void of foundation. I see, madame, that you have never taken the trouble to inquire what sort of man Captain De Maurevert is. If your highness had deigned to question the first gentleman she happened to meet regarding me, she would have learned that nature has endowed me with a supple and subtle intellect, with an imagination fertile in resources, and she would then not have felt astonished to see me here."

"You are greatly mistaken, Monsieur De Maurevert, if you suppose you are unknown to me," replied Marie. "The information which has been supplied to me concerning you is, on the contrary, most complete."

"You fill me with delight, madame; for it is always painful to have to speak in eulogy of one's self."

Marie smiled, half incredulously, half jocularly.

"You have not yet, monsieur," she said, "answered my questions. What means have you employed to reach me?"

"I humbly beg permission to remain silent on that subject, madame. I desired to speak with you, and I am here in your presence. Pray let that suffice."

"Captain," said Marie, after a slight pause, "I will do you justice; and this will prove to you how well I know your character."

"Justice, madame?"

"I know that nobody is more the slave of his word than yourself. Will you swear to me that you are not trying to deceive me, and that you will answer me with complete frankness? On this condition alone will I consent to continue our interview."

"Alas, madame!" cried De Maurevert, sadly, "this exigence on your part will deprive me of all my advantages, and reduce me to complete nullity. No matter; to be agreeable to you, I feel capable of making any sacrifice. Permit me only to put one restriction on the fulfilment of your wishes."

"What is that restriction, captain?"

"That of remaining silent, madame, whenever I believe it to be my duty not to answer your questions. From the moment you deprive me of the use of falsehood, the least you can do is to leave me the resource of silence."

"I accept your conditions, captain; but you must swear to me on your word, as a gentleman, not to attempt to deceive me."

"Madame, I will only swear to you not to tell you a single falsehood—nothing more. If I deceive you by an adroitly contrived silence, you must not think you have the right to accuse me of having broken my oath."

"Agreed, captain. In the first place, tell me the motive which impelled you—without knowing whom you were seeking—to make your way into my presence."

"With pleasure, madame. I had been instructed by my friend and companion in arms, the Chevalier Sforzi, to remit to the mistress of this house a mantle, and two hundred crowns in gold, which she had deigned to send to him. Here is the mantle, madame; and here are the two hundred sun-crowns. I beg you will allow me to add that the chevalier owes me fifteen hundred *livres tournois*—I have his acknowledgment in my pocket—and that you will fill me with joy if you will deign to accept this acknowledgment as so much money."

Marie blushed slightly, and a flash of anger darted from her eyes.

"So it was the Chevalier Sforzi who sent you?" she remarked.

"Yes, madame—the Chevalier Sforzi."

"In that case he is a scoundrel!"

"I do not understand you, madame."

"He swore to preserve the secret of our acquaintance."

"The chevalier has kept his promise, madame. If I have the honor to find myself in your presence at this moment, it is because I have unworthily abused my good friend's confidence. I persuaded him that I also was a party to the secret."

"But the pass-word—who gave you that?"

"Not Raoul, madame."

For a few seconds Marie remained thoughtful and reflective.

"And why, captain," she said at length, "has Monsieur Sforzi returned my present?"

De Maurevert made no answer.

"You are already deceiving me, captain."

"No, madame; my silence conceals no pit-fall. It is imposed on me by the profound respect I bear towards your highness, and by the

fear I feel of displeasing her by a frankness too abrupt."

"Explain yourself, captain."

"You command me, madame?"

"I command you."

"Madame," continued De Maurevert, coolly, "your truly royal gift appeared to the chevalier to constitute a veritable donation of charity; and that idea outraged his immense pride almost to delirium. He grew so furiously angry with you as to treat you with supreme disdain."

"The chevalier was right," cried Marie. "His greatness of soul enchants me. He has acted like a true gentleman. Not a single courtier—not one—would have shown under the same circumstances so much delicacy and honorable pride!"

"I confess, madame," said De Maurevert, greatly astonished at Marie's response, "that if your magnificent present had been addressed to me, I should have accepted it with as much joy as gratitude. Let me beg of you indeed, to take back this mantle and purse—the sight of which distracts me."

"If these objects please you, keep them in remembrance of me," said Marie, thoughtfully.

"Ah!—is it possible, madame?" cried De Maurevert, gladly. "It is a hundred times more than I deserve. No matter; your highness's wishes are commands to me. I accept. As to the chevalier's acknowledgment for the five hundred crowns—"

"You will destroy it, captain. My intention is that Monsieur Sforzi shall possess entire liberty of action, and that he shall be indebted to no one."

"I had hoped that your highness would have permitted me to retain my friend's written acknowledgment; but, since you wish otherwise, it shall be obeyed. I will burn the paper," murmured De Maurevert, with a sigh.

"You know the Chevalier Sforzi intimately, do you not, captain?"

"Yes, madame; intimately is the word."

"Do you believe him capable of devoting himself, body and soul, to the accomplishment of a vast and perilous design, to follow with invincible perseverance a course traced out for him?"

"Yes and no, madame. The Chevalier Sforzi certainly possesses rare energy, unconquerable obstinacy of purpose, and dauntless intrepidity; but, unfortunately, he is afflicted with a thirst for liberty and independence which will always stand greatly in the way of his fortune. Interest has no weight with him."

"And love, Captain De Maurevert?" interrupted Marie, with passionate impetuosity.

This question, so entirely consonant with the manners of the time, did not in the least surprise De Maurevert.

"Love, madame," he replied, tranquilly, "is the weak side of Monsieur Sforzi. The chevalier is a volcano. I have seen him, at the thought of a woman he adores—and it is only within this hour that I knew that woman was your highness—I have seen him, I say, turn pale, blush, tremble like a child, shake like a lion, pass through all the phases from delight to despair."

"Are you not exaggerating, captain?" asked Marie, in a voice touched by emotion.

"On the contrary, madame, what I tell you is within the truth. You may imagine that it is not possible for me to describe to you the wild transports of a madman; but, out of gratitude for the unparalleled generosity you have shown towards me, I owe you a delicate confidence. Before knowing you, Monsieur Sforzi had, to use one of his own expressions, affianced his soul. Good heavens!—I have done wrong, perhaps, to explain myself so abruptly—for you have turned pale."

"Go on—go on, captain, I command you. Who is this woman?"

"A young girl, your highness."

"Pretty, amiable, intellectual?"

"Alas! as ravishing and beautiful as possible!"

"More beautiful than I?" demanded Marie, proudly, and looking at her interlocutor in a manner so seductive as to move the phlegmatic and sceptical adventurer to the bottom of his soul.

"Well, captain, answer me," she continued, "which of the two, this young girl or me, is the more beautiful?"

At this difficult question De Maurevert hesitated; but at length he replied:

"Madame, there are marvels so absolute and so contrary, of all kinds, as to defy comparison."

Marie frowned and made an impatient gesture. From the captain's not daring to express himself in a more explicit manner, she knew that her rival was really worthy to enter into competition with her on the score of beauty.

"The girl lives in Paris, doubtless?" inquired Marie.

"She only arrived there a few days ago. Monsieur Sforzi became acquainted with her in Auvergne."

"A provincial!—some lawyer's daughter, perhaps?"

"No, your highness; the daughter of an excellent house."

"And the name of this marvel?"

"Diane d'Erlanges, your highness."

"Diane d'Erlanges! That is a name I shall not forget."

Marie sank into deep meditation.

"Monsieur De Maurevert," she said, suddenly raising her hand, "I have been wrong up to the present moment in not according to you all the attention you deserve. You are a man on whom one may rely. I shall employ your talent and utilize your merit. I need not add that your services shall be generously rewarded."

"Madame," said De Maurevert, radiantly, "I have asked how it was that your highness had not attached me to her party. The consciousness of my value and the care of my dignity did not permit me to make to your highness the offer of my intelligence and my sword. I am now really enchanted that your highness has deigned to come first to me. I cannot too highly compliment her on the acquisition of my person."

"De Maurevert," interrupted Marie, who had scarcely given any attention to the adventurer's response, "I need be under no restraint before you. I know your rare discretion; and you are not ignorant that to betray me would be to expose yourself to infinite unpleasantness. Listen to me attentively. It is necessary that, to be able to serve me effectually, you should thoroughly know my intentions. When I saw Monsieur Sforzi for the first time his audacity pleased me, and I determined to employ to my own advantage his resentment against Monsieur Lavalette. I gave a rendezvous to Monsieur Sforzi, and in the hours we passed together the sudden intimacy—for he was ignorant of my rank—which had arisen between us ripened speedily. I recognized in him a finely-tempered spirit, proud, ardent, accessible to all kinds of noble enthusiasm. This discovery caused me almost to feel remorse. Would it not be a pity, I said to myself, to cast into the midst of the furious and devouring struggles of the Court a youth so full of life and promise? You are not ignorant, De Maurevert, how perfidious towards women is the sentiment of pity. It is seldom that it does not insensibly lead them to love. I now love Sforzi, and woe to the woman who places herself between my affections and him! You, De Maurevert, are admirably placed to serve me. You possess the chevalier's confidence, you live in close intimacy with him, and it is easy for you to control his least actions. I count on your aid."

"Madame," replied De Maurevert, gravely, "there is one circumstance which you have ignored, and which I feel it to be my duty to call to your notice. I have entered into a defensive alliance with Monsieur Sforzi for the space of a year. Until that time shall have elapsed I could not possibly either betray him or act in any way in opposition to his interests. If I were to become convinced that the chevalier had the bad taste, the unpardonable folly, to prefer Mademoiselle Diane d'Erlanges to you, I do not for a moment conceal from you that I would do nothing against this demoiselle, but would retire into an honest, neutral position."

"So be it, captain. I accept that reservation."

"A thousand thanks, madame. Your highness may rest assured that I shall serve her interests with absolute devotion."

Marie slightly bowed her head to the adventurer, and was preparing to close the interview, when De Maurevert said:

"Will your highness permit me to inform her that the Marquis de la Tremblais is Monsieur Sforzi's mortal enemy? Indeed, it would not astonish me to learn that the marquis had made some wicked attempt against the chevalier's life."

"You know, then, that the Marquis de la Tremblais is here at this moment?" asked Marie, in astonishment.

"Madame," replied the adventurer, bowing to the floor, "Captain de Maurevert is ignorant of nothing which he has need of knowing. I cannot too strongly repeat—however much the avowal costs me to make—that in attaching me to your person you have made a most excellent bargain. If your highness will shortly deign to grant me a second audience, we can arrange—for short reckonings make good servants—the price of my devotion."

"I will see you again soon, captain," replied Marie. "*Au revoir.*"

On leaving the solitary house, De Maurevert found the apostle Benoist and the bandit Croixmore still acting as sentinels. Having at the moment no further information to win from those honest personages, he passed on without speaking to them.

"*Parbleu!*" he said to himself as he went along, "it must be admitted that I have not badly employed my afternoon. Happy, a hundred times happy, Raoul! What a mine for him to work! What a magnificent position to take! Have I done right to speak of Diane d'Erlanges? I don't know; but I did it for the best, and beyond that things must take their chance. The deuce is in it if, out of all these events, I shall not be able to gain something. Her highness's generosity is prodigious! Yes, I have certainly well employed my afternoon. I may say with the Emperor Titus: 'My good De Maurevert, you have not lost your day.'"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## MARQUIS AND HIGHNESS.

After De Maurevert's departure Marie returned to the Marquis de la Tremblais, and continued the interview interrupted by the arrival of the adventurer.

In Marie's presence the bearing of the Marquis de la Tremblais very little resembled that which it assumed in Auvergne, and which, if his vassals had beheld it, would have filled them with doubt as to the identity of their master. Nothing about him indicated the proud and unyielding feudal seigneur, who made every one in the province tremble before his glance. His manners were obsequious, the expression of his face respectful, and the tone in which he spoke approached humility.

But an observer would have detected, by



certain imperious tones of his voice and certain contractions of his brow, indications which from time to time escaped him; that the tiger, though he concealed his claws, remained none the less a terrible wild beast with all its sanguinary and ferocious instincts intact.

Whether it was that Marie did not suspect the wicked passions of her interlocutor, or that, knowing them, she felt beyond reach of their influence, nothing in her manner betrayed either circumspection or restraint.

"Marquis," she said, "I have learned from a trustworthy source the hatred you bear towards the Chevalier Sforzi; now I declare to you frankly that I take an extraordinary interest in that young gentleman. To persist in your projects of vengeance against him will be to declare war against me! Do you wish to have me for your enemy?"

"Princess," replied the marquis, with a feigned but constrained smile, "Monsieur Sforzi is very fortunate!"

"Monsieur de la Tremblais," interrupted Marie, impetuously, "I care nothing for what you may be pleased to think; I only desire to have from you a positive promise not to make any attempt against the person of the chevalier. Do not suppose by this that I suspect his courage—quite the contrary. Monsieur Sforzi's sword is one of those valiant blades which, in accordance with the Spanish axiom, never leave their scabbards without cause, and never return to them without honour. What I fear for Monsieur Sforzi is not a deadly and implacable struggle, but treachery. Will you promise me, marquis, not to attack the chevalier, except with equal force, and in the open light of day? Give me that promise, and I leave you with full liberty of action."

"Princess," replied the marquis, "if Monsieur Sforzi had been my equal, if noble blood had run in his veins, I should not have waited for the permission your highness deigns to give me, before avenging the wrongs I charge him with. Unfortunately, madame, he is not so. Monsieur Sforzi—I crave your pardon for having to express myself so rudely concerning your protégé—is nothing but an adventurer, whom I defy even to give the name of his father. You can therefore, madame, understand that to treat Monsieur Sforzi as an equal would for ever degrade me."

The marquis paused for a moment or two, as if undecided, but then continued:

"There are things, princess, which a heart, rightly placed, shrinks from saying; and it is with profound sadness, and only because you compel me to do it, I now recall to your remembrance the fact that I represent for your party an entire province of the kingdom, the province of Auvergne. I belong, body and soul, to messeigneurs your illustrious brothers; nobody more than myself recognizes the legitimacy of their pretensions; I recognize, also, that your mind, your heart, your courage, are those of a man. Do not sacrifice to a vulgar sentiment the grave interests confided to you."

During the delivery of this address, Marie had exhibited unequivocal signs of impatience. She had refrained from interrupting the marquis's flow of eloquence, however. It was in a sharp tone she replied:

"Monsieur de la Tremblais, your discourse, in spite of the oratorical precautions with which you have surrounded it, is of rare impertinence! It simply signifies that a wild and shameful love is unsettling my reason, and making me forgetful of my dignity. I will not condescend to defend myself against your insolent aspersions, but confine myself to the expression of my will and my intentions. You are free to disregard them both. Only, I repeat, if any misfortune reaches Monsieur Sforzi, I will avenge him! We are not here in Auvergne, but in Paris! At a sign from me, ten thousand of the best swords in the capital will flash in the sunlight or glitter in the shade! Between you and me, marquis, the struggle is not equal. Do not expose yourself to my anger!"

Marie had spoken with a frankness and determination not to be misunderstood; the marquis smiled with the most amiable air, and replied, in the gentlest tone he could assume:

"Princess, all France knows your answer to her majesty the queen, who accused you of conspiring against the royal authority: 'Madame, I am like those brave soldiers whose hearts are swollen with their victories.' Allow me, therefore, princess, to attribute the fire of your language rather to the richness of your blood than to any unmerited contempt of my person. If it were otherwise, I should be obliged—in despair—to take up the gauntlet you have thrown before me, and sever myself from your party. I regret that the respect I owe to your high position prevents my saying more."

"Let no such consideration weigh with you, then!" cried Marie. "In this house I am only Marie. Say plainly whatever you have to say."

"Well, then, madame," replied the marquis, while a perfidious smile gave a sardonic expression to his countenance, "I must tell you that the Chevalier Sforzi, that model of constancy and of all human perfection, is playing unworthily with your love."

"What more? Pray continue."

"Alas! the chevalier's heart—that receptacle of all the virtues—has never beaten for you, madame; but has long been entirely devoted to a rival—to a Demoiselle Diane d'Erlanges."

"Anything else, monsieur?" demanded Marie, coldly.

"It appears to me, madame, that what I have already told you is of sufficient importance."

"You think so, monsieur? To me, all that you have said is perfectly indifferent."

"What, madame!—to affect for you a passion which he feels for another?"

"Monsieur Sforzi has never professed to love me," interrupted Marie. "On the contrary, he frankly avowed to me that he adored a noble demoiselle of the province of Auvergne, and named her to me, as you have done, Diane d'Erlanges. More than that, I am well aware that this young lady arrived a few days ago in Paris."

This reply produced a prodigious and inexpressible effect on the marquis. The veins on his forehead swelled—a strange phenomenon also produced in the Chevalier Sforzi—his eyes flashed with fury; while the muscles of his face, contracted beyond measure, gave to it an expression of implacable evil-mindedness.

"What, Marquis!" cried Marie, "do you feel for the Demoiselle d'Erlanges the same sentiment you but a moment ago blamed me for feeling in regard to the Chevalier Sforzi? Come, marquis, frankness for frankness; confession for confession. It will be for our mutual interest to unite ourselves in our misfortune. Renounce your designs against the person of Monsieur Sforzi, and I will give up Diane d'Erlanges to you."

"I love her with a wild, consuming passion," cried the marquis, hoarsely—"a passion that resembles hatred, and that almost terrifies me! She shall be mine, though it cost me my head to gain her! Let us make a pact, then, madame."

"For the moment, then," cried Marie, "let it be no longer a question of Monsieur Sforzi, but of Diane d'Erlanges. The immense interests confided to my care leave me but little leisure. Will you undertake the discovery of this noble and seductive demoiselle? If you need able and intelligent agents, at a word from me the most crafty and experienced adventurers in Paris will blindly obey your orders. As to the expense, marquis, do not shrink from it, whatever it may be; the loss of my entire fortune would not deter me."

"Princess," cried De la Tremblais, "I have the honour to resemble your highness in this: that what I will—I will."

While the marquis and Marie were forming their plan of future operations, De Maurevert, with light heart and smiling features, was making his way in triumph through the streets of Paris.

"It is quite astonishing," he said to himself, "how buoyant the weight of a well-filled purse in my pocket makes me feel. I could almost fancy that if I found myself loaded with a thousand livres in gold I should absolutely fly. And this mantle so richly ornamented—I will wager it cost at least three thousand crowns. The devil's in it if I do not manage to sell it for two-thirds of its value! Now, two thousand crowns placed out at ten per cent. would bring me in two hundred crowns a year. Nothing is so good for soldiers as to have fixed incomes. It gives them a stamp of regularity and order, and has the best effect on mothers of families, enabling us sometimes to contract an advantageous marriage. Love of gaming and good cheer has, hitherto, always been my ruin. Upon consideration, I will certainly invest the proceeds of this mantle."

Discoursing in this fashion to himself, De Maurevert was walking at a brisk pace, when suddenly he uttered an exclamation of pleasure and surprise, and rushing towards a man who was passing along near him, by the house walls, seized him round the body and embraced him lustily.

"By entire Olympus!" he cried, "I am in luck to-day! Friend Lehardy, for three days, in obedience to the voice of my conscience, I have been seeking you in every nook and corner of Paris! Friend Lehardy, I feel a real affection for you; but, may the devil fly away with me, if you refuse to conduct me to your mistress, Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, if I will not incontinently wring your neck!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### UNSUCCESSFUL DIPLOMACY.

It was not without great difficulty that Lehardy could release himself from the captain's powerful embrace, and was well nigh stifled when he at length succeeded in getting free.

"Dear friend!" cried De Maurevert, "the joy he experiences in meeting me is so great as to take away from him the use of speech! The fact is, my good Lehardy, your mistress has no idea of the excellent news I have to give her! By Cupid!—I must take care how I communicate it, or the excess of her delight may have the effect of turning her brain. Now, go on before me, and do not forget, my well-beloved Lehardy, that if you make the least attempt to escape from me I will massacre you on the spot."

"Monsieur De Maurevert," responded the servant, "two days ago I would rather have allowed myself to be killed than obey you; but my mistress is now in such a pitiable state of body and mind, I have so vainly tried all other means to ease her sufferings, that I accept your offer without hesitation. What is the excellent news you have to give her, captain?"

"Do not be uneasy, Lehardy, and leave me to manage matters in my own way. I also have known in all their severity the pains of love. My torments have always been brief, I admit, but extremely violent. I remember once, among others, having been obliged to drink forty bottles of wine in twenty-four hours, before being able to forget the cruelty of a faithless one. Ah! if Mademoiselle Diane would only give herself up to hippocras, in less than a

week she would have forgotten the Chevalier Sforzi."

Lehardy stopped before a house of gloomy appearance, in the Rue du Paon, not far from the King David hostelry.

"Captain," he said, introducing a key into the lock of the door, "I beg of you not to be guilty of any imprudence. You cannot imagine to what an extent my good mistress is affected by the conduct of Monsieur Sforzi."

"Sforzi is completely innocent of all crime against the right of love," replied De Maurevert.

"Yet you yourself accused him, captain—"

"I retract the accusation. Conduct me to your mistress, I tell you; I will explain all to her in two words. By the way, Lehardy, what house is this in which Mademoiselle Diane is living?"

"It belongs to my mistress's aunt, the Dowager Madame Lamirande."

"It does not appear to be a particularly luxurious dwelling."

"The Dowager Madame Lamirande is not very rich. She possesses only about four thousand livres a year."

"Four thousand livres a year—hardly as much as her highness spends every day of her life," thought the captain.

Lehardy, after begging De Maurevert to wait a moment, went to prepare his mistress for the visit of the adventurer.

She was kneeling upon a *prie-Dieu* when her faithful servant entered her apartment, her face bathed in tears. So absorbed was she, indeed, that he had to address her three times before she became aware of his presence.

"Ah!—is it you, Lehardy?" she said, vaguely, and trying to smile. "What do you want with me?"

"Mademoiselle," he replied, with an embarrassed air, "I hardly know how to approach the subject which brings me to you; you have so severely forbidden me to speak to you of Monsieur Sforzi."

At this name Diane started; a blush suddenly overspread her features, and in a voice which she attempted to render firm, but which resembled rather a sob, she cried:

"Silence, Lehardy! The Chevalier Sforzi!—I do not know that gentleman; I have never heard his name!—I know nothing of the person of whom you are speaking."

"My good and honored mistress," replied the servant, "how great may be your distress, your remorse, some day, if you should learn, when it is too late to repair your injustice, that Monsieur Sforzi was never blameworthy. Everything induces me to believe that Monsieur le Chevalier has been odiously calumniated."

Diane sprang from her *prie-Dieu*, and, wild with joy and terror, rushed towards her servant.

"Can what you say be possible?" she cried. "Can heaven at length have taken pity on my sufferings? No, no; you are mistaken, Lehardy. You fear the consequences of my great sorrow, and are trying to distract my despair by a generous falsehood. But you are wrong; for I am beginning to accustom myself to the thought of Monsieur Sforzi's unworthy abandonment! I repeat, I no longer know that gentleman."

"That means—you still love him madly, and I applaud you for so doing!" cried a sonorous voice at that moment.

Mademoiselle Diane turned in the direction from which the voice had come, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Captain De Maurevert!" she cried.

"Himself, at your service," replied the adventurer, tranquilly. "Excuse me, I beg, for breaking somewhat abruptly, and without being invited, in upon the conversation between yourself and Lehardy. The fault is his. If, instead of leaving me to kick my heels in the ante-chamber, he had set me down to a flagon of old wine, I should have waited his return with patience. By Cupid!—my good Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, you are much changed! Certainly your beauty is still incomparable; but, for all that, you are hardly recognizable. Leave mademoiselle and me together, Lehardy; we have to speak of matters of importance."

Fearing that his mistress might give him a contrary order, Lehardy hastened to obey; but he did not quit the room before recommending De Maurevert, by an expressive and supplicating look, to deal gently with the poor girl's weakness.

"Mademoiselle," continued the adventurer, taking advantage of Diane's silent emotion, "you see before you at once the most abominable and the most repentant rascal that has ever existed in the world. My remorse—and my presence here at this moment proves it—is as great as my offence."

"Your offence—your remorse, captain?" murmured Diane. "To what offence are you referring?"

"To the shameful trickery I have employed to separate you from my gentle companion, Raoul."

Diane started.

"But I have been deceived," continued De Maurevert. "Up to the present time I have looked upon myself as a model of constancy and fidelity, and from this erroneous point of view I said to myself: since my tenderest passion has never lasted beyond a week, it is probable that four days will suffice for Mademoiselle d'Erlanges to forget Raoul completely. Meeting Lehardy, I painted to him the chevalier's conduct in the blackest colors—made him out a perfect monster."

"What!" cried Diane, beside herself with emotion, "was all you told Lehardy concerning Monsieur Sforzi untrue, then?"

"A mere tissu of lies."

"God heavens, is it possible?" murmured Diane, raising towards heaven her eyes bathed in tears of happiness and beaming with gratitude.

An incredible change instantly took place in her appearance. Her face, a moment before pale and dimmed by suffering, shone with a celestial brightness; her glance, though drowned in tears, recovered its wonted vivacity. Her beauty became so touching, so ideal, that De Maurevert himself felt deeply affected by the sight of it.

"By the virtues of Notre Dame de Paris," he muttered to himself, "if Mademoiselle Diane were now to tell me she was going to take her flight towards the azure vault, I should readily believe her! What a pity it is that her highness is so rich, I might have been so happy with Mademoiselle d'Erlanges!"

In a little while the visage of Diane lost the look of chaste rapture, which had animated it. A cloud passed over her brow, and her head, like the blossom of a flower beaten by the passage of a storm, bent downward. The first moment of her joy passed, she had reflected.

"Captain," she said, "it would not be loyal on your part, by abusing the esteem I have hitherto felt for Monsieur Sforzi, to endeavor to make him appear innocent in my eyes if he is really guilty. What interest had you in speaking to Lehardy as you did?"

"I repeat, mademoiselle—I desired to separate you from the chevalier."

"With what object, captain? I cannot understand in what way our affection could be prejudicial to you."

De Maurevert remained silent for a moment.

"Mademoiselle," he said at length, "if I do not decide to come frankly to the truth, we may talk all day without any good resulting. At your age, with the education you have received, with the solitary and secluded life you have led, you can know only the infantile side of love. To love with the view of marrying, and to marry because you love, is an extremely simple matter. Unfortunately, mademoiselle, things do not always arrange themselves with such delightful simplicity. For the most part, gentlemen do not light the hymeneal torch because they are smitten with the charms of their affianced brides; what they seek, above everything, is fortune! The credit of the family to which they ally themselves counts equally for so much dowry. Now, mademoiselle, the chevalier, young, handsome, brave, and gallant, might in this way hope to make a magnificent match."

"And I being ruined, and my family possessing no influence at Court—is not that what you were about to add, captain? And according to your view, the brotherly love which Monsieur Sforzi has professed for me is calculated to destroy his future?"

"Precisely, mademoiselle. It is indisputable that if Raoul had the good sense to resemble the young men of his day, his love for you would considerably impede him in his career; but the chevalier is altogether a singular person. From the hour he was obliged to renounce the hope of marrying you, he would lose all his qualities and would sink into complete discouragement. It is his interest, therefore, to marry you. Do not interrupt me, I beg; let me finish what I was about to say. I have to speak to you on a most delicate point. I rely on the rectitude of your judgment, and on the affection you bear Raoul, to appreciate my reasoning rightly."

"There is," continued De Maurevert, "a most high and powerful lady—whose name I cannot possibly mention—greatly smitten with Raoul. Now, mademoiselle, I happen to know that this great lady is as generous as she is powerful. Do you not think that it would be a pleasant thing to make your rival furnish your dowry? To me it appears a magnificent opportunity. Besides, this lady is capricious to excess, and I would wager my head that in less than a month she will have utterly forgotten the chevalier—even his name!"

If the captain had not been too completely occupied with the contemplation of this very characteristic scheme to think of noticing the effect produced by his words on Diane, he would certainly have spared himself the trouble of finishing his discourse.

"Captain," she said, with calm dignity, "I do not know, and I do not care to know, whether you have spoken in your own name or as the ambassador of Monsieur Sforzi. The title of 'friend' which you accord to Monsieur Sforzi is a grief, great enough in my eyes to justify—to compel, indeed—an eternal rupture between the Chevalier Sforzi and Mademoiselle d'Erlanges! I beseech you, captain, not to add another word! I feel neither hatred nor anger towards you. Your birth has made you noble, but nature has refused you the instincts and qualities of your condition. You are to be pitied more than blamed. Adieu, captain for ever."

Diane spoke with such firmness that De Maurevert—a thing that rarely happened to him—lost all his presence of mind. He passively obeyed, and took his departure in silence.

"Lehardy," he said rapidly, in passing the servant, "I am not at all sure I have not committed an act of stupendous stupidity. Go at once to your mistress."

The faithful servant rushed to Diane, but reached her only in time to see her fall senseless to the floor.

As soon as he was outside of the Dowager Lamirande's house, De Maurevert moved away at a pace that was almost like that of flight.

"Devil's horns!" he said to himself, "I would give a hundred crowns that Raoul had not fallen in her highness's way! This little Diane is really an adorable creature! Who knows whether,



with her for a wife, one might not be happy without fortune? May Lucifer strangle me if I know what to do, or what resolution to take! My sensibility and my good sense are struggling in such a terrible fashion that my head is ringing with the uproar, and absolutely void of ideas! Yes, that is it! In the first place, I must see Raoul, and tell him all. I must then quit the Stag's Head, and lodge myself elsewhere. Let affairs arrange themselves as they may, I shall keep in the background."

(To be continued.)

## ONCE A COWARD.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Concluded.

### CHAPTER II.

I wish that I could tell you my feelings during the two minutes that followed. I do not believe any audience ever found themselves in so miserable a position. Even now, when I think of it, I feel the old, hot, sick sensation, and see the whole picture rising before me—the old-fashioned panelled room, with the wet wind rattling at the huge diamond-paned window, and a pale, watery moon glimmering between drifting masses of cloud over the ancient elm-trees in the park; the red, glowing fire in its carved oak frame; the tall, graceful figure of the man standing before it in his dark velvet shooting-jacket, and muddy leathern gaiters, and with the pale shadow of irremediable remorse on his handsome face; and the tall, beautiful girl sitting with bent golden head and clasped white hands before him, with the scarlet firelight kissing her fair, round arms, and lurking in the shimmery folds of her white dress.

Can any of you tell me the length of time comprised in one minute? Sixty seconds? No, rather six hundred. It seemed double that time to me that I stood longing for Helen to speak, longing to say something myself, and yet unable to find a single word between horror at the story and pity for the man who told it. It was Ducie himself who broke that terrible silence at last. His voice had been harsh and determined before: now it sounded sad, weary, almost appealing.

"That is all. I never told any one before. I don't think I could act in the same way again; but God knows; only you see I cannot hear other men condemned while I remember—" He broke off with a sort of gasp, and added hurriedly, "I wish to Heaven I had never needed to tell you; for of course I know what you think of me now."

He looked at Helen; but she never raised her eyes; and I answered quickly—

"I wish you had not, Ducie. There was no occasion; but I am very sorry for you—from my soul I am, old fellow."

I would have given him my hand; but though he said, "Thank you, Fred," as if he meant it, his eyes never left Helen's face. She had never moved or looked up once since he began. I feel sure now that she knew from the commencement that he was speaking of himself; but he was only when he said, "I was the man," that her face, which had been white to the lips, flushed scarlet as though the threatened blow had fallen; and such a look came over it—a look of pain unutterable, of bitter shame, of unconquerable disgust; a look which but to see once in the face of the woman we love might well make the voice break and the heart sink as Ducie's did then.

It was still there when he ceased to speak, and she rose up, calm and cold as if nothing had been said which could call for comment from her, and simply observing that it must be time to prepare for dinner, left the room without a glance towards either of us.

I strode after her, meaning to call her back and ask her to say a kind word to Ducie; but she put out her hands with an imploring gesture, and turning her face away, ran up-stairs.

When I returned slowly and awkwardly to the library, Ducie also had left it by the other door. I was not sorry.

We all met at dinner as if nothing was amiss. Mary Jackson and I were, I think, rather more lively than usual, and even Tom made himself pleasant to Cis Deyvereux, that my dear old father said it did him good to hear such a chatter of voices. Ducie was very silent, it is true, and Helen's face was colorless as a Guernsey daisy; but she spoke and even smiled when ever appealed to; and none but myself remarked that when Ducie held the door open for the ladies, after dinner, she drew the silken folds of her dress together, and passed him without a glance, as something too foul for notice. His face was whiter than hers when he sat down again.

Next day we parted. I was busy all the morning over farming accounts, and did not know Ducie was going till the dogcart was at the door, and he came in to bid me good-bye. Then I saw he was much agitated, and I urged him to stay, using Helen's name. His lips quivered, but he only said—

"I have already seen your cousin. Good-bye, Fred, and thank you for all your kindness."

Five minutes later he was gone. I said nothing, but I went to look for Miss Helen, and found her moping in the library, with a face like a ghost, and red rims to her eyes.

She mumbled something about a headache. I waived the remark loftily, and taxed her with

having refused my friend. She reddened like a rose, and said haughtily she had done no such thing. He had not had the presumption to ask her.

"Presumption!" quoth I, "and to ask a little vixen! Ah! well, you have sent him away; and what's more, you will never see him again."

At this she paled and panted a little; then flushed up again and answered—

"Oh! yes, we shall, and quite as soon as we want him, I dare say. Oh! how can you care for him?—the cruel, dastardly—Oh!"

This made me angry, for I don't like hitting a man when he's down; and the vision of poor Ducie's handsome face, with the haggard, beaten look on it, as he shook his head to all my hospitable hopes of soon seeing him again, rather haunted me. So I set myself to bully Helen by way of retaliation, told her she was a proud, self-righteous girl, who didn't deserve to be loved at all; that she had likely sent a fine young man to the bad; that she had no right to judge anybody; that Ducie had acted a coward's part two years ago; he had taken a hero's last night; that I doubted very much whether she would have had the courage to stand up and blacken herself forever in the eyes of any one she loved; that I couldn't, and that it was a braver and a nobler deed than saving ten men's lives.

Would you believe it? in the middle of my abuse she suddenly bursts into tears, and instead of quarrelling with me, throws herself into my arms and sobs out—

"Oh, Fred! so it was. Oh! I never thought of that; and I told him—I told him—Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I never wished to see him again, because he could never do anything brave enough to blot out the memory of that dreadful, dreadful day."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'You never shall.' Oh, Fred, Fred! what shall I do?"

"Do? Write and tell him you are very sorry, and ask him to come back again"—a piece of sensible advice at which Miss Helen springs up, dashes away her tears, says indignantly, "Thank you, Fred, I have not quite lost my self-respect yet, even if your friend has lost his," and marches off to her own room.

I went back to my accounts, and finished them.

Days and weeks slipped by. Our house was hardly empty before I was off myself on a visit to my beloved. Then the hunting season began; the Hall was again filled with guests, and in the constant round of sport, merriment and excitement, I must confess that the little incident concerning Ducie's departure escaped my mind. Neither did I notice the change in Helen's looks, and how rapidly she was losing color, flesh and spirit, till she looked like the shadow of her former self. You see she never lost her prettiness; and then a certain little maid was spending her Christmas with us, and that in itself was reason for not being particularly observant of other women's appearance.

Was it the day before Christmas Eve that the governor told me Lord de Laine had proposed to Helen and been refused? I think so—I'm not sure. Anyway it was that day that I first noticed the girl's white face, and spoke to her of Ducie. Her sweet eyes flashed up instantly, and she answered—

"Would you like to have him here this Christmas?"

"My dear you told him never to come again."

"Then I was wrong, for it is not my house" (hypocritically).

"You are mistress in it, and I'll have no friends here whom the mistress cannot welcome."

She blushed up high, put her hand on my arm, and said enthusiastically—

"All your friends are welcome to me, Fred. Please and ask him at once."

I did so. Shall I ever forget her face when the answer came? Mr. Ducie had sailed for the Cape three days before, in the royal mail steamship *Tamar*.

We all know the end of that good vessel; how she encountered hard weather off the Azores; how she sprang a leak which no pumping day and night could bring under; how the boats were hoisted out with just enough seamen to work the oars, the passengers lowered into them one by one, women and children first, afterwards, in perfect discipline and order; and how, when all were full, the captain standing on the poop deck, gave the last command to pull away out of vortex of the sinking ship; and the men in the boats, obeying, saw the gallant vessel, with captain, crew and officers standing hand in hand, brave and resolute to the last, settle heavily down into a deep trough of the waves, and disappear forever from mortal ken.

Ah, me! all English hearts were thrilling with the story in those days. It makes mine ache now to recall it.

The boats reached the Azores in safety two days later without having lost a soul; but it was not for months, not till every inquiry had been made, not till I had gone down to Southampton myself, and interrogated the rescued passengers one by one, that we heard how, when the boats were all but full, and there was only one passenger to descend, one of the crew cried out in despair, "Oh, my little wife and child!" and the passenger, a tall, dark-eyed young man, turned to him and said, "Take my place. There is no one belonging to me at home," and had stood by the captain's side at the last moment,

and waved his hat to his friends in the boats in a cheery good-bye."

I found out that sailor, and he gave me a scrap of paper, which he said, the gentleman had torn from his pocket-book and gave him as he went over the side. It was to Helen, and contain these words—

"God bless you. I have earned my right to meet you again—in heaven at least."

H. F. DUCIE.

Two years later Helen left us to keep that meeting; and when she was dead I saw the first smile on her pale lips which had ever shone there since she sent her lover away, to prove that a man may die a hero's death though in life he has been once a coward.—*Cassell's*.

## NICELY GAUGHT.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER.

OF MONTREAL.

"What note is that you have received, by the post this morning? you seem very much interested in it," asked Mrs. Manifold of her husband.

"Ah! my love, nothing that you will care about; only an invitation to a 'fancy ball,' next Tuesday week," replied Mr. Manifold.

"Am I not invited also?" his wife inquired.

"Of course, of course, my dear, that must be in etiquette; but every one is well aware that you have for some time given up such entertainments; and devote yourself to your little tribe; in fact, that you are a model wife," said Mr. Manifold, with a slight laugh.

"I only wish, Alfred," replied Mrs. Manifold, that you were a little more home-loving than you are; it is really too bad your going about so much. I heard Mrs. Marsh say a few days ago, when she called here with another lady, that you were the gayest man about her set, that the girls seemed to forget that you were a married man, that your flirtations were carried to a great extent, and advised me, to go about with you."

"Don't believe her, Bella; she is a spiteful old woman, and only said what she did because I never take any notice of her; I will not, for I do not like her. I hope you are not going to be absurd enough to be jealous; I did not think that was in your nature. I like occasionally to go to a little amusement, and when I do I certainly prefer to make myself agreeable to the younger portion of the assembly than to join the old gentlemen and dowagers at cards."

Mrs. Manifold smiled, shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing for a few moments; then she asked—

"Is this affair to be a masked fancy ball?"

"Yes, my dear, that will be the greatest fun in it. Why do you ask so much about it? Do you think of going?" asked Mr. Manifold.

"Oh, no; but I merely inquired, through curiosity; besides, you are going, and I may be pardoned if I show some interest in your proceedings."

At that moment Mrs. Manifold was summoned to some household duties; then papa went up to the nursery and kissed his little girls, sweet sprites from five years to infancy; bid adieu tenderly also to his wife, for he always was very attentive in these matters, then, drawing on his gloves, he departed for the city.

Mrs. Manifold hovered about very busily that day, and many succeeding ones, but it could well be seen that some matter was weighing heavily on her mind, for her usually sweet face looked grave and her white forehead was contracted as if in painful thought.

It was about three days before the expected ball. Mrs. Manifold was sitting in the nursery finishing a bit of needlework, when, after a few moments thought, she started up, clapping her hands together, much to the astonishment of little Elfy, who was playing with her doll by her mother's side, and who opened her blue eyes very wide at the unusual excitement of her mother.

"I'll do it, I'll do it!" she murmured; "the motive justifies the means. I will find out whether my husband really does anything to merit censure, and if he does he must change his course; at least, I will do my duty. Nothing but a masked ball could effect my purpose. I cannot leave that flighty girl at night to take charge of my children, but I will go and see Margaret Fullam and tell her my plan, and asked her to take charge here for me that evening."

Thus, half thinking, half speaking, Mrs. Manifold hastily threw on her walking dress; then, summoning the girl to the nursery, she went out, and bent her steps to an old maiden friend who lived a few streets from her.

"Take care, my dear," said the cautious old lady, "that you are not playing with edged tools. You had better not do this."

"Now, Marge, what is the use of talking like that. I have weighed the thing well, and I have determined to carry it out, and I am sure you are too kind to refuse me."

"Well, well, I'll come. A wilful woman must have her way," murmured Mrs. Manifold, then proceeded to the place where she had heard her husband say the fancy dresses were being made. She was undecided as to what dress she should wear, but intended to select some costume there.

"Here is one, ma'am, very pretty; it is representing 'Ophelia.' I made it for Miss Egerton, but she came here this morning and told me that she had been summoned away into the country to her grandmother, who was dying, and that she should not require the dress; that if I could dispose of it to do so, if not she would pay for it when she returned. Now I think, madame, that it will be exactly your fit, for the young lady I made it for is very much your height and size."

"That will be just the very thing, and I like the dress, so please finish it up and send it at once."

Mrs. Manifold then paid the charges and departed.

"This is a coincidence," she thought; "the game is played completely into my hands, for I know Miss Egerton is one of my husband's prime favorites—that is, if he does not hear of her departure into the country."

The eventful night came.

Mr. Manifold came home earlier than usual, and in high spirits. At an early hour he began to array himself in his dress, which was that a courtier of Charles the Second's time. He certainly looked well, for it set off to advantage his really fine figure.

"Are there any others to be dressed like you, Alfred?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Manifold.

"I cannot tell, my dear," he replied, "but there is one thing certain, that any one I wish to know me will by the clue I have given them, which is a small bouquet of buds and leaves stuck in the left breast of my coat, and to make sure they won't drop off, I took natural flowers and matched them with artificial; here they are," and Mr. Manifold brought them out of his pocket, and fastened them on his coat. "Well, my wife, what do you think of me?"

"The dress is very becoming to you, Alfred. I'll say no more; you are quite vain enough without its being increased by flattery," said Mrs. Manifold laughing; but she, in her heart, truly admired her remarkably handsome partner.

A short time after Mr. Manifold's departure Miss Margaret Fullam arrived, for she had been requested not to come before. And in an hour's time Mrs. Manifold was equipped in her fairy costume, much to the amusement of her old friend, who knew very little of the gay world, not even in her youth having mingled in it.

A carriage was sent for, and in a short time Mrs. Manifold found herself, trembling and with a bounding heart, seated in the gorgeously decorated and illuminated ball-room.

The circumstances under which she had come, joined to the length of time since she had mingled in a scene of this kind, combined to overpower her usually calm nature.

Her eyes roamed around the room as much as she could through the crowd, which was assembling, in search of her husband; but it was more than an hour before her anxiety was appeased, then she espied his tall, graceful figure walking towards her with a lady on his arm dressed as "Lady Macbeth." She knew his walk in a moment, independent of the flowers in his coat. There were several others in the room dressed similarly to Mr. Manifold, but they did not look to advantage as he did.

He walked leisurely down the room, looking eagerly from side to side, but he did not perceive the "Ophelia" he was in search of for some time, for Mrs. Manifold was in rather an obscure seat; but when at last, in passing, he caught sight of her, not many minutes elapsed before he had seated the lady with whom he had been walking and came with avidity to Miss Egerton (as he supposed).

Mrs. Manifold's heart thumped almost audibly, and she felt a faintness sweep over her; but, gathering courage, she replied in soft, disguised accents to her husband's salutations.

"Where have you been the whole evening, Miss Egerton? I have sought you everywhere." "I came late, and have been here since I entered."

"Indeed; I wish I had known it. Will you dance? A waltz is just forming."

Mrs. Manifold rose, not having any excuse to make, as she had always heard of Miss Egerton being a great dancer; but she could scarcely stand, her knees were trembling so much. It was a trying ordeal she was going through.

"Why are you trembling so much, Mary? Is there anything disturbing you?" Mr. Manifold asked, with a tender pressure of the fingers at the same time.

"No, nothing at all, but I do not feel very well."

"I am very sorry for that; let me bring you a glass of wine."

"No, I thank you; but I will take a little water instead," for Mrs. Manifold felt that she must take some refresher, and wine she never drank.

Speedily was the water brought, and soon after the couple were flying in the mazy waltz.

Mr. Manifold thought several times that his partner danced different to usual, but he ascribed it to her not being well. Thus things continued for more than two hours, Mr. Manifold pouring into (the supposed) Miss Egerton's ears, the flattering words and "soft nothings," all of which were gently responded to by his now almost exasperated wife. Had she not been a woman of calm temperament, she must have burst forth, but she bore it quietly, determining to carry through the plan she had formed, and eventually to "gain the day." Feeling, however, unable to endure it any longer, Mrs. Manifold pleaded indisposition, and requested a carriage to be called to take her home.

"Papa is away somewhere, don't call him; let me go away quietly."



"Can I see you home, Miss Egerton," said Mr. Manifold.

"As you please," was the reply, and Mr. Manifold jumped in, the carriage whirled off.

"Does your wife never go out with you?" whispered Mrs. Manifold.

"Very seldom," he replied; "she loves her home duties and her little ones, more than society. We are very different temperaments. My wife is cool and calm, I am all fire and impetuosity."

"Then I should say you cannot live very happily."

"Yes, pretty well; we never quarrel, and one comfort I have is that my wife is never jealous."

"Fortunate thing," Mrs. Manifold mastered courage to say, "for I daresay you give her sufficient cause if she knew all you said or did. I am very jealous, and I truly hope that I may never marry a man of your disposition."

"Miss Egerton, marry, never speak of marrying any one. I should feel inclined to murder the man, who aspired to be your husband."

Before a reply could be given the carriage stopped, and Mr. Manifold looking out, called out:

"What have you driven here for? This is not the place?"

"The lady's orders, sir," said the man.

"Did you order the man to drive here, Miss Egerton?"

"I did, Mr. Manifold. I knew your wife would surely be in bed, and I had a great desire to see your domicile, as I am not acquainted with Mrs. Manifold."

"But, my dear girl, consider what the servants will think."

"They will not know me," she replied, "I wear a mask."

"Yet the man will think it passing strange my bringing home a lady visitor at this hour of the morning."

"I don't care, I intend to go in," and disengaging herself from her husband's detaining hands, Mrs. Manifold sprang out of the carriage, and ran up the steps, much to Mr. Manifold's amazement, who still had not the slightest glimpse of the truth.

Mrs. Manifold lead the way into the parlor, then as soon as her husband entered, closed the door, raised the gas, took off her mask, and stood confronting her husband, with a calm, serious gaze.

"Oh, heaven! it is my wife!"

Then he dropped down on a chair, and pressed his hand to his forehead, to gather thought for the conflict which he expected. He was sorry, also, for notwithstanding his flirting propensities, he dearly loved his gentle wife.

"Nicely caught, my husband," said Mrs. Manifold, in a soft sweet voice; "however, I entreat, your forgiveness for the deception I used to-night in personating Miss Egerton, whom I had heard you speak of often; but it was not idle jealousy, my husband, which prompted me, but a good motive. I have often heard that a 'preventative is better than a cure,' it is easier to guard against a danger than to remove it afterwards. I have been thoughtless in allowing you to go so much into ladies' society without me. I owed you a duty as well as my children. With some men that would not have been required, but you, Alfred, are too gay and irrepressible to guard yourself. What I have been cognizant of this evening fully proves that I believe you love me, Alfred—that you have not entirely forgotten the vows you made me only a few years past; but certainly your fancy has strayed from me, and, thank goodness, that I have been in time to stop what might have become serious in a short time. Fortunately Miss Egerton was called away to the country to her grandmother's death-bed (so the dress-maker told me), and as she had this dress to dispose of, I bought it, and it certainly looks as if it had been intended it should be so, for a good result."

At the mention of Miss Egerton's name Mr. Manifold, for the first time, looked up. Mrs. Manifold calmly continued.

"For the future, Alfred, I shall accompany you when it is suited for a lady to go, except severe illness of either of my little ones prevents; therefore I shall get some efficient person to take charge of the nursery, and after that, if my efforts are unavailing, I will leave the results to a higher power. This is all I have to say, my husband, and the occurrences of this night will never be again alluded to by me."

Thus saying, Mrs. Manifold left the room without waiting for her husband to speak, knowing that it would be far better to leave him to contemplation.

As soon as he found himself alone, Mr. Manifold jumped up, almost frenzied.

"Mad fool, why did I allow myself to be so imposed on; surely I must have been deaf not to discover the difference in the voices. I am disgusted that the nonsense I intended for Mary should have been poured into my wife's ears. Who could have thought she would have played such a trick on me; the old saying, 'Still waters run deep.' After all, there is no one I know a finer woman than my own Bella. Poor girl, she must have suffered this evening while she listened to my kind words to another. She is right, perhaps, there may be danger in the game I was playing."

However, although not angry with his wife, Mr. Manifold felt too uncomfortable to go to bed up stairs, but remained in his study—pacing up and down until morning dawned—and not until he became quite exhausted did he throw himself on the couch and sleep.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Manifold tossed on her

bed sleepless. The excitement she had gone through was now telling on her. However, at last she too slept; and when she awakened at a rather late hour, she went down to breakfast and was surprised to find her husband not up yet; going into the study she found him asleep. Stopping down she could not resist the temptation of kissing the brown curls which clustered on his forehead. He opened his eyes with a start, and then he sprang up. The only words uttered were:

"Bella, my darling,"

"Alfred, my dearest husband."

And she was folded to her husband's bosom, to that heart which never in his after-life strayed from her again.

Mrs. Manifold kept her resolution of going out with her husband, and persuaded old Margaret Fuller to give up her old maid habits and come and stay with her. But Mrs. Manifold did not have to go out (after a little while) too much, for very often could now be seen Mr. Manifold sitting with her in their cosy parlour, reading aloud to her while she sewed some fancy article. Yes, her latter days were better than the first, and the gay world wondered what could have so changed Mr. Manifold.

Mrs. Manifold often blesses in her thoughts that Fancy Ball, and the happy idea which had ended in results to make them so much happier.

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## A LITTLE ETYMOLOGY.

Not all ladies may be aware how much of history, geography, biography, and miscellaneous anecdote is illustrated in their wardrobes, in their drawing-rooms, in the fabrics that line and warm their bed-chambers. Nearly all things worn or woven have a topical, traditional, or personal reference attached to them—generally justifiable, often merely conjectural, sometimes only daintily ingenious, and imagined in what Niebuhr denounces as "an unspeakable spirit of absurdity." Suppose we take the etymologists in hand where they treat of the work done by the loom and its auxiliaries, and discover a little useful knowledge, and a little amusing speculation in dress, and in the softer furniture of our abodes, from the diaper on the table to the hangings at our window.

There are many words, indicating particular fabrics, which have so passed into familiar language that they no longer necessarily suggest any special significance, except as a trade-mark of quality. But the etymology of the subject is, nevertheless, interesting. Most persons giving a thought to the matter at all, would instantly recognize the meaning of Mechlin, Alençon, Brussels, and Chantilly lace; why one shawl is called a Paisley, and another a Cashmere; that Holland was originally manufactured by the Dutch; and that a Fez cap carries with it a logical significance. The materials known in commerce as Circassian, Cyprus, Coburg, and Damask, especially explain themselves; and, though in a totally different manner, such fashions as those of Wellington and Blucher boots, Mackintosh and Chesterfield coats, and Spencers. But why is a shirt-front popularly called a dickey? Why are poplins so named? Why blanket, as the covering of a bed? Or silk, or shawl, or jerkin, or maul, or cravat? It is when we fall amid these shadows of learning that the etymologists enjoy their Walpurgis dance of guesses. Thus with blanket. There are said to have been three brothers of that name at Worcester, who invented the coverlet so called, and, in confirmation, it is pointed out that, not far off from the antique city, is still a locality known as the Blanquets. On the other hand, Bristol claims them among her medieval citizens, though, for all that, they may have been Worcestershire men as well. The coarse woollens of their fabricating appear to have been eagerly adopted by the peasantry as a substitute for hempen cloth; then soldiers, sportsmen, and travellers found them useful; next they were laid on the stump bedsteads of the time, and a blue blanket became a Masonic banner. This may confidently be reckoned among things not quite universally known.

And now with respect to a dickey. Here the old result is reached, that the search only ends in nothing being found. Both the reason for the word, and the date of its origin, are as lost as the Livian books, though its Irish equivalent among the students of Dublin University is still a Tommy, but not in honor of any Mr. Thomas; the scholars of that academy preferring to fix upon a Greek derivation, signifying a section. Into what wonder-lands of humor will not a little voyage among the shallows of the classics conduct the imaginative Irish genius!

Passing on to pantaloons—not the "lean and slippered," but the garments which, in America, are styled pants; they were once supposed to represent a part of male apparel, combining trousers and stockings in one, but the controversy on this point branches in many directions. Does the name of the article mean that which "involves," or "covers," or is it only an allusion to the heel? For all these theories have been insisted upon, besides another of prodigious boldness—that it was due to the tightly-arrayed standard-bearers of Venice, when the "Plant of Leon" was emblazoned on the banners of the republic, for so far have the fanciful etymologists gone. Or to a town? Or to a surname? Or simply to an Italian fashion in comedy? Much lore is yet hidden from mankind in respect of these questions.

As to poplin, it was invented in a Papal territory, though by a Huguenot, and hence called papaline, which account we may as well credit, feeling that no other is at hand. Silk may be a

Greek, a Persian, an Avale, a Tartar, or a Chinese appellation, since the lexicographers and other eruditionists might be quoted in favor of each language; but concerning shawl there is only a single doubt, between a translation from a Persian word and the town of Shawl, in Beluchistan, whence it may possibly have been derived, and which was formerly famous for the manufacture. This must not be confounded with the celebrated shawl of Leybourne. A maul is a Scotch plaid, christened after a Scottish queen, daughter of Malcolm, and wife of Henry the First. Jerkin may be from the Anglo-Saxon cyrtellen—here we fall back upon the derivative doctor again—diminutive of cyrtel, a coat—a presumption, at any rate, more rational than that which traces it to the vulgarism Little Jerry, which is also claimed for jacket. But now we reach a formidable mystery. Whence came the name cravat? Was it first worn by a Croat cavalier? Because that is almost the sole suggestion of the learned. Concerning collars, there used to be a sort worn in Germany which were nick-named Vater-mördern, or father-murderers, from the legend of a student who returned from the university with such a stiff pair that, on embracing his parent, they cut his throat. There are many testimonies to suicides—tight-lacing to wit—caused by vanity in dress; but we think this is the only case of assassination on record. In the general glossary, cardinals, capuchins, and mantillas tell their own story, though the old-fashioned Berthas do not, and the renowned chapeau-de-paille, which so harmonised with the beauty of the Churchills of the last century, would be equally explicit had it been a straw hat at all. There are many varieties of fabrics, besides those already mentioned, which indicate their own birthplaces, as the mohair known as Angola or Angora wool, shorn from the full-fledged goats that feed far in the depths of Asia Minor; the mixture of hair and silk called, in commerce, Bengal; the long-cloths labelled Madapollams; the favorite Merino; the soft weavings of Paramatta, in New South Wales; the yellow cottons of Nankin, corrupted into nankeen; and the tapestries of Bergamo. Less familiar, however, are the silks named Ardesines, after the district producing them in Persia; the lamb's-wool hats—now disused—which were once identified with the Norman town of Caudebec; the figured linen made and designated after Dornoch, in Scotland; the thick-napped woollens called after Duffel, in Flanders; the cords of Genappes, in the same territory. When you hear of a cambric ruff you will naturally think of Cambray, in French Flanders. Behold a gingham umbrella, and Guineamp, in France, rises at once to the mind's eye; and so on with the coarse stuffs called Osnaburghs (Hampoverian manufacture); with their opposite, the delicate open lace-work tulle, which forms a fleecy foundation for so many bonnets, and dresses so many "breathing roses" of the ball-room in raiment light as air.

Once more, turning from cities and towns to persons and the signatures they have left behind them in the mercers', drapers', or upholsterers' shops, or among the chronicles of olden fashions, and we have the gallant Duc de Roquelaure making a monument to himself in the cloak he introduced; Baptiste inventing the batiste handkerchiefs, popular, principally, on the Continent—batiste dresses being fashionable in England now—and that colour known as Isabel, the traditional origin of which, it may be supposed, everybody is aware of. One poetical personage has been credited with the name of a garment, a mantle of pale-grey cloth, trimmed with black velvet, called a Lalla Rookh, presumably because it bears not the remotest resemblance to anything which an Oriental princess ever wore or could wear. Leaving this Tussaud group, muslin perplexes all inquiry; whether the word is to be accounted for by the French mousse, or moss, because of its softness; whether this theory would be more tenable if to mousse were added lin or flax; whether the fabric was first wrought at Mosul, in Asiatic Turkey? Masulpatam may be left out of the question. Professors of derivation carry us back to Grecian ages to explain how the term dickey arose, declaring, on the authority of a whole gardenful of roots, that it signifies a fabric woven from double threads; but less learned pundits attribute it to the Egyptian Damietta. It is agreed that calico must be identified with Calicut, on the Malabar coast; gambrone with the Persian Gombroon, and, though less unanimously, marsella with Marseilles; but there is no such certainty about the connexion between gauze and the scriptural Gaza; or kersey with either Jersey or Cashmere, though the latitude of choice permitted is certainly a wide one. Jaconet was originally manufactured by a man of that name, who gave it its title in the market; so, in all likelihood, of jean; but how did a lady's riding-habit ever come to be called a Joseph? Tartans owe their designation, as we please, to the Latin, the French, or the Gaelic, the last having the word "tarstin," across, which seems near enough without going back to Tyre. Fustian, however? One school affirms it is Latin, another that it is Arabic, pointing triumphantly to the Egyptian town Fustât, where it is said to have originally come from the loom of a dusky weaver, nameless in history. Of course many of these derivations are remote and fantastic, and hang on the frailest threads of authority; being wholly unlike, in these respects, others so obvious as Arras, from the quaint old Franco-Flemish city; Gobelins, and balasore, woven from the bark of a tree in a district of the Bengal presidency; but we hesitate to deduce baize from the ruined Indian town of Bala. There is

one word, dasey, concerning which the anecdote runs: "A Dublin physician, named Dasey, was in the habit of wearing a cloak to conceal his thefts from the houses he visited professionally. After he was hanged, for this or some other crime, cloaks were universally discarded in Ireland, and were generally called daseys." Thus, in the literature of Verba Nominalia, as an ingenious writer calls it, we may detect not a little of the merest guess-work; but, on the other hand, may trace not a few of the allusions implied by familiar terms, which mingle with effect among the other lights and shadows of the past.—*All the Year Round*.

Coupon, the corpulent banker, was standing in Wall Street one hot day in August, "wiping the servile drops from off his brow," when a ragged but sharp-eyed newsboy accosted him with, "Please, sir, tell me the time." Coupon, plugging out his time-piece, and looking benignly down on his interlocutor, responded, "Just two o'clock." "All right, old buffer," said the gamin, gathering his rags together for a run, "you can sell out for soap-grease at three." The insulted man of money raised his cane, and making a frantic rush for his tormentor, nearly fell over a friend who was coming up the street. "Hello, Coupon, what's the matter?" said the other. "Matter!" said Coupon, puffing with heat and anger; "why one of those newsboys asked me the time, and when I told him two o'clock, the impudent young scoundrel said I might sell out for soap-grease at three." "Don't be in such a hurry," was the malicious response; "it's only five minutes past two; you've got fifty-five minutes to do it in."

## DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "A VOICE FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," "THE HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXX.

The report of the pistol had brought Neddy from the house-roof to the assistance of his master. And now, two men were opposed against the four constables, one of whom had been shot through the fleshy part of his arm.

Desmoro fought with desperation, for he knew that he was fighting for his very life, and Neddy's endeavours were not far behind those of his master.

Desmoro had forcibly gained possession of the constables' fire-arms, else he had been shot dead by them ere this.

The wounded man had fainted, and the bushranger and his friend were having sharp work with their opposing enemies.

Desmoro's strength was prodigious, and his blows fell thickly and unerringly on those before him.

Another man had dropped to the floor, then another; and now the bushranger had only one to contend against.

"Fly!" said the outlaw, addressing his faithful ally. "Away! I will join you at the foot of Brickfield Hill! Have no fear for me!"

He spoke the above words while he was holding his last opponent pinned against the wall, quite helpless in his iron grasp.

"No—" objected Neddy, loth to quit his master.

"Away! If you wish to save me, away!" urged the bushranger.

Neddy was gone on the instant.

"Now," said Desmoro, addressing the man thus held in his strong clutch, "you are entirely at my mercy—in the mercy of Red Hand, the bushranger. You see where your comrades are lying? Well, one blow from my hand will lay you by their sides—it is for you to say whether or not that blow is to be struck? Let me go, then. Should you offer to pursue me, I tell you, plainly, that I will shoot you. I have no wish to stain my hands with human blood. Let me go, hence, quietly, and I will not harm you; resist me, and, that instant, you are a dead man."

The constable did not utter a single word in reply; he felt that it was useless for him to longer contend against the bushranger's superior strength, and so he let him go. But only for a short distance down the silent street did he suffer him to proceed, then he raised a cry, and rushed after him.

People hearing the constable's loud cries of "Stop him! stop him!" opened their windows and door, and looked out—up and down the road. But, as the day was scorchingly hot, they soon drew their heads again, and took no further notice of the shouts for help.

"Something's amiss at old Ben's," observed one of the Jew's neighbours, hearing a commotion in the adjoining dwelling. "Well, let 'em fight it out among themselves, say I."

Desmoro was feet afoot, and, notwithstanding that he was encumbered with several petticoats, he soon succeeded in putting distance between himself and his pursuers.

Then he suddenly turned the corner of a street, and calmly begun to retrace his steps along a road parallel with the former, letting those in chase of him go on, and leave him behind.



Feeling safe once more, Desmoro now leisurely made his way into George Street, thence to the Circular Quay, where all was a scene of stirring commotion. Bullock-teams were being unloaded of wool-bales, and sailors were gaily chanting as they disgorged the freights from the grim holds of the sea-tossed barques.

Approaching the driver of an empty bullock-dray, Desmoro accosted him, and asked him to give him a lift for a few miles.

"Get in, mother, and welcome," returned the man, in answer to Desmoro's request.

The bushranger gathered his skirts about him, and got into the conveyance, where he crouched low as he could crouch.

"Whereabouts do you wish to be put down, mother?" asked the driver, preparing to start, and standing close by the conveyance.

Desmoro started, and looked up into the man's face.

"I know you," he said, with an altered manner; "we have met before."

"Eh?" returned the man, confusedly.

"Not many miles away from Snake Gully," continued the bushranger.

The man shook his head.

"You remember Red Hand?" added the other, in an undertone, suddenly holding up his crimson palm.

The man uttered an exclamation of astonishment and terror.

"Hush! Will you serve me?" The police are on my track."

"All right! A poor man doesn't forget a kindly act in a hurry. I'll serve you with my whole heart—at the risk of my life itself, if needs be."

Desmoro glanced round: on the opposite side of the road there was a shop where suits of ready-made clothes could be purchased. Desmoro felt anxious to rid himself of his present disguise; and, giving the man some money, he instructed him to go the shop and procure for him a suit of the roughest sort of shepherd's clothes.

The garments obtained, the question that now presented itself was, how and where he was to put them on?

"There's a shed behind this public-house," said the man, pointing down an alley close by. "You take the clothes with you, and change your appearance there. I'll warrant that nobody will notice you."

There was, as I have already said, a great deal of commotion in the scene. Drays were being loaded and unloaded, and driven away, while other loaded drays were constantly appearing. Everybody was employed with his own affairs, and in this bustle Desmoro succeeded in reaching the shed, and in there exchanging his apparel.

Thrusting his female habiliments behind a pile of firewood under the shed, he returned to his friend the drayman, by whose side he now proceeded to travel, walking with a slouching gait, a lighted pipe in his mouth, and as if he cared for no one. He was safe now, unless some unlucky chance again discovered him.

Instructed by Desmoro, the man turned out of George Street into Castlereagh Street, and stopped before the "Currancy Lass," where, looking deadly pale and anxious, Neddy was standing ready with the horse.

Neddy was not at all astonished to see his master freshly apparelled; nothing done by Desmoro ever greatly surprised his faithful and affectionate ally.

The bushranger spoke first. Not for worlds would Neddy have done so.

"I'll take the beast—you must follow in the dray, or as best you can," said Desmoro, hastily. "Have no fear with this good fellow, he added, pointing to the drayman; "he will not betray us!"

"All right, mister, was the obedient rejoinder.

"Heaven bless you!" said the bushranger, wringing the hand of the bullock-driver. "I shall never forget the services you have rendered me this day."

"Don't mention 'em—don't mention 'em!" replied the other. "I'm only too pleased and happy in having had an opportunity of making some little return for the kindness you once did me."

And then Desmoro mounted his horse and galloped away, leaving Neddy to follow him as best he could.

The bushranger deemed himself safe once more. But should he be pursued by the agents of the law and recognised, he has his fleet-footed horse under him, and the open country before him. He had few fears, then, on his own account, and for Neddy, his mind was perfectly at ease in every respect.

But the mounted police had been ordered out, and were already scouring the whole neighbourhood of Sydney for the man who had just slipped out of their fingers. They were on the Woolloomooloo Road, on the Surrey Hills, on the road leading to Parramatta, and on every highway and byway round about. Furnished with fine horses, and armed to the teeth, with the Government reward in perspective, the officers were making a most persevering search.

Desmoro had ridden for an hour fast as his steed could gallop. Now he turned off from the recognised track, alighted from his horse, and led him up a very steep ascent, along which the noble animal panted, and stumbled, and slipped.

By-and-by the pathway became wider and smoother, and the brow of the hill was reached at last. Here the bushranger paused to rest awhile, his eyes listlessly wandering over the beauties of the vale-country stretched out beneath him, mile after mile, until the whole

scene seemed to fade away in a purple mist meeting the skies.

From the vast eminence on which he stood, hills and crags, which made important features in the landscape, when viewed from below, now appeared like tiny hillocks, and towering gum-trees like only bramble-bushes.

A river could be discerned, twisting like a silver ribbon through the vale, thence through the deep, dark gullies, thence for a time losing itself beneath barren rocks, to sparkle forth afresh between wild flowers of various kinds.

Wrapped in fancied security, Desmoro suffered his horse to crop the short grass growing about. The bushranger was now lying on his back, tired, hungry, and faint, and yet far, far distant from his cavern-home, from which he had proceeded in a somewhat contrary direction.

After a pause of half an hour, Desmoro arose and glanced around him. He was not altogether ignorant of the place before him, yet, as he had diverged from the beaten track, he was at a loss to surmise whither the one opening in front of him would lead.

Taking hold of the bridle, he walked onwards, his willing steed following him. The path led to the sheer brink of a precipitous cliff, along the face of which ran a shelving, slanting ledge, or pass, wide enough for a horse to pursue, but dangerous in the extreme.

This pathway, so hazardous, led the outlaw and his beast to a bridge-track through that same valley, visible from the heights which Desmoro had just left.

The bushranger now found his way to the river, and refreshed himself and his horse with some of its cold drops.

The sun was now declining, and yet the outlaw was many, many long miles away from his home. Soon it would be too dark for him to travel along this road, with which he was only half acquainted. He would have to sleep this night under the canopy of the blue heavens, with the earth for his couch and his pillow.

As long as the light lasted, he, however, continued to travel onwards, feeling very little fear or anxiety of any kind. He was thinking of his father, of Marguerite d'Anvergne, and, lastly, of the dead Jew, who had bequeathed to him all his wealth.

Then Desmoro reflected on old Ben's dying words of advice, wondering whether he should ever be able to act upon the advice.

Should he ever be able to quit the colony, and find for himself a safe resting-place in any foreign land? Was it possible that there was a corner in the universe that would afford him concealment and peace? Hitherto, he had been so buffeted about, so hunted by disappointment, misfortune, and sorrow, that he thought the world held nothing for him but trouble and darkness.

He meditated on his father, with a gentle and forgiving spirit. The past was not to be recalled, and the deeds done in that past could not be undone. Nevertheless, he could not help wishing that matters had been otherwise with him than they were; but he did not despond—his lawless mode of life, so full of perilous adventure, admitted of few reflections, either melancholy or otherwise.

He felt that his existence had lately been strangely disturbed—disturbed as he had never anticipated its being disturbed. And a simple accident had brought about this change in Desmoro's feelings, and lifted some of the iron off his heart.

Had he never met with Marguerite d'Anvergne, it is probable that he would never have become acquainted with his own father, or learned to what family he belonged.

"The dragon-wing of night o'er-spread the earth," and the weary bushranger's day's wandering was done. Fastening his poor, jaded horse to a tree, Desmoro prepared for himself a place of rest; and, stretching his tired, aching limbs, he closed his eyes, and sought forgetfulness in balmy sleep.

His bed was a hard one; nevertheless, it yielded him repose, for "weariness can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth finds the down pillow hard."

Once Desmoro turned in his slumber, disturbed by the distant cries of the native dogs; but as no intruder presented himself before the bushranger, his senses still continued lulled.

When the bushranger awoke, the sun was riding high in the heavens, and his horse was neighing and snorting, restlessly pawing the ground and tossing his head.

"What ails thee, thou faithful steed?" exclaimed Desmoro, rising and going to the animal, which he at once conducted to the river-side, where man and beast both refreshed themselves.

But the horse was still as restless as before. Desmoro could not understand what was the matter with him, until he looked up towards the pass, than all was at once explained.

Along that narrow, shelving ledge, which bordered a dizzy precipice, Desmoro saw several of the mounted police, carefully leading their horses. Ah! Desmoro was pursued—his enemies were already within sight of him.

"My brave brute!" cried the outlaw, patting the neck of his beast; "you heard the rascals yonder, and knowing they are on your master's track, strove to give him timely notice of his danger, eh? Now for flight!" he continued, tightening the saddle-girths, and flinging himself across the back of his noble charger, which showed every sign of eagerness to be gone. "Now fly, my beauty, make thy way home-ward!"

And, as if fully sensible of his master's impending peril, the sagacious creature galloped

down the bridle-path, where horse and rider both were soon hidden from view, screened by the thick foliage of the surrounding trees.

Once or twice Desmoro paused in order to listen for the pursuing steps of the police. But he heard no sounds save the screeching of numerous parrots, and the dismal cawing of a flock of crows hovering about.

Desmoro, perceiving that he was not far from the highway, now made towards it, thinking that he should be able to baffle his pursuers by again seeking the public road. Had he not borne about him that unfortunate birthmark, he would have defied the recognition of all the police in the world.

"Let them hunt through the bush, and welcome, now!" exclaimed the fugitive, as he once more emerged upon the highway, and hastened along in the direction of the Snake Gully.

Desmoro was very hungry, and no wonder that he was so, remembering that he had not tasted food for upwards of twenty-four hours. Yet he did not droop; he still struggled, struggled vigorously onward, anxious to reach home, and feel himself in security.

Desmoro was familiar with every inch of this road, and with every niche and cranny round about. No matter, then, howsoever expert and vigilant his hostile followers might be, he had many chances of escaping them.

He did not entertain a single doubt concerning the object of the men whom he had seen winding the dangerous pass; he felt convinced that they were on his track, that they were endeavoring to hunt him down.

Desmoro laughed defiantly and thinking that he had evaded them, that he was entirely out of their reach, he rode leisurely along. There was a hot wind blowing at the time, and the sky overcast, and growing darker and darker each succeeding moment. There was every sign of an approaching thunderstorm, which storms, at the season of the year, were generally exceedingly sudden and violent.

The bushranger had almost reached that spot where he would have to turn his horse's head once more from the recognised track, into one known only to himself and Neddy, when a quick, vivid flash shot across the inky firmament, and a rumble of thunder made itself heard.

Desmoro's steed snorted loudly and swerved aside, apparently full of fear.

Just at this moment the bushranger's listening ears caught the ring of horses' hoofs behind him.

"Ha! they are at my very heels, it seems," Desmoro exclaimed. "On, on, brave beast—another half-mile, and we can then defy them!"

But just as those words were spoken, a blaze of blinding light illumined the sky, and the animal stood still, shivering with terror, and refusing to go on. Then came a peal of thunder, rattling, crashing, and booming with terrific and appalling detonation.

Desmoro urged his horse to proceed; but neither coaxing nor whipping would get the animal to budge an inch. There she stood, shuddering, covered with foam, obstinately rooted to the spot.

Meanwhile, the sounds of the approaching hoofs were heard more and more distinctly. Desmoro's head was beginning to swim, and a dense perspiration was starting out of his every pore. He knew not what to do, nor whither to turn.

Great heaven, must he fall into the hands of his pursuers at the very moment when he had deemed himself in perfect safety?

One more effort, and the animal he was bestriding bounded along at a desperate and maddened speed, wholly heedless of the road he was pursuing.

Presently, they arrived at the spot, called Snake Gully, close by which there was a bridle-track, leading by a circuitous route to Desmoro's home. But just as the bushranger was about to turn his horse's head, a fiery flash shot aslant the sky, and the bushranger and his steed lay together prostrate on the earth.

With a groan of pain, Desmoro dragged himself from under his fallen steed, and staggered to his feet. The faithful animal had been struck by lightning, and was dead, but the bushranger himself had escaped with very little injury.

Bestowing a farewell glance upon the carcass of the brute, Desmoro plunged at once into the bush, and made his way homeward. He grieved over the loss of his gallant charger, but thanked heaven for his own preservation.

Neddy welcomed his master with a cry of heart-felt joy. Neddy had been apprehensive that Desmoro had met with some fresh mishap.

"Where's the horse, mister?" he asked.

"Lying near Snake Gully, poor beast!"

"Eh?"

"Struck by lightning during the past thunder-storm."

Then Desmoro proceeded to explain the particulars with which the reader is already well acquainted.

"They'll find only the dead animal for their pains," laughed Desmoro, alluding to the policemen on his trail. "I've had a sharp run for my life, and am half-famished with hunger, and entirely worn out with fatigue of both body and mind."

"All right, mister; you shall have a famous meal directly."

While Desmoro was eating his famous meal as prepared by Neddy, the mounted police were vainly scouring both highway and bush,

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Two days after the event, recorded in the above chapter, the *Sydney Herald* gave a long and rambling account of Red Hand's recent visit to Sydney, of his escape out of the clutches of the constables, and the useless pursuit of him afterwards by a party of mounted police.

There were two persons who read that account with strangely interested feelings, and with great pain as well.

Marguerite d'Anvergne trembled and grew sick as she perused the startling intelligence and made herself acquainted with the late risks Desmoro had been incurring.

While she had yet the paper in her hands, Colonel Symure was announced.

The officer entered, with a pale face and a disturbed air.

Marguerite had not seen him since the morning after the consul's dinner party, when, it will be remembered, he sought her by appointment; and she was in entire ignorance as to whether he had been successful or otherwise in carrying out his intended projects with respect to seeking his son.

Colonel Symure saluted the lady, and then sat down, almost unable to speak further.

"Papa is very particularly engaged in his study, Colonel," Marguerite observed, in a significant manner, which was well understood by her hearer.

The Colonel bowed his head.

"Have you seen this morning's *Herald*?" asked she.

"I have, mademoiselle, and with great terror, I assure you. Sooner or later I am afraid that his rashness will be his undoing," the Colonel made answer. "My poor, poor boy! Oh, I have seen him, mademoiselle, only to love him, and to deplore his fearful position more and more!"

"You have seen him, Colonel—you have seen your son?" cried Marguerite, her eyes suddenly lighting up, her lips quivering and losing all their bright colour. "When, and how, Colonel? Oh, tell me—tell me!"

Accordingly, he briefly and graphically narrated all those particulars with which you are already fully acquainted, Marguerite listening to his recital with a throbbing heart and suspended breath.

"And where did you part with your son?" she inquired.

He told her. "So recently? And he has incurred all this terrible risk since you parted from him! I cannot comprehend wherefore he came to Sydney, placing himself in the very jaws of danger?"

The Colonel shook his head sadly.

"He must be induced to abandon his present course of life, Colonel," she said, with great firmness. "He must fly from this land, and seek another."

"Alas! who will induce him to do so? He has nothing whatever to live for, he says, and therefore he is somewhat reckless of his life."

Marguerite's face paled, and then became scarlet as a peony. Strange feelings were at work within her bosom—feelings which she dared not make known to any living being. She had confessed herself to heaven in the silence and loneliness of midnight prayer, and between her Maker and herself alone she desired her secret to remain.

Twice she was about to speak, and twice she checked herself and remained silent.

"I have written to him," the Colonel went on to say, avoiding the mention of his unhappy son's name.

"Written to him?" echoed she, in considerable surprise. "And how will you get your letter delivered to him?" she added, with great eagerness.

"Oh, that will be an easy matter enough," the Colonel rejoined.

"Easy matter! Pray explain to me how it will be such?"

"Willingly, mademoiselle. You remember the spot where you and your father were all but upset into Snake Gully?"

"Perfectly, Colonel."

"Well, counting ten paces from the north end of that gully, and plunging into the bush to your left hand, there stands the towering bole of a gum-tree, all withered, stark, and death-like, looking like a grim skeleton in the midst of its living companions. On the side of this said tree there is a cavity just within reach of your hand; that cavity is his letter-box, to the custody of which I have promised to entrust any communication I may wish to reach his hands. It is my only mode of communicating with him."

Marguerite had listened to the Colonel most attentively.

"Ten paces from the north end of the gully, eh?" repeated she, as if speaking to herself. "I fancy I could find that tree, were I so inclined!"

"You, mademoiselle?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes; if, as I remarked, I felt so inclined."

The Colonel seemed to meditate for some moments.

"Oh, if I had but influence enough over him to draw him away from his present hazardous and guilty mode of life, all might yet be well with him. Another land would afford him a safe refuge, if he could only be persuaded to seek that refuge."

Marguerite made no rejoinder. She was sitting, with her cheek leaning on her hand, apparently deep in thought.

"What brought him to Sydney, I wonder?" pursued the Colonel. "He has escaped the clutches of the law, so far, but such good fortune may not always be his."

His listener shook her head, and shivered.

"You would advise me to write to him, en-



treating him to rush into no further danger of any kind, and to reflect upon my wishes?"

"Yes, write to him at once, Colonel, earnestly imploring him to attend to your good counsel."

"I will do so—I will do so," Colonel Symure answered, rising, and preparing to begone. "The whole town is in a state of the utmost excitement," he added nervously. "Men, women, and children are all talking about the notorious bushranger; the name of Red Hand is on almost every lip."

Mademoiselle d'Auvergne twined her fingers in one another, her breath coming in quick gasps, her features twitching all the while.

"Go, go, Colonel!" she cried, excitedly. "Lose no time in communicating with your son! He will heed your advice, I am sure he will!"

"I will take horse at once, and be gone. Adieu, mademoiselle," said the Colonel, presenting his hand to the lady.

"Adieu! Heaven send you a successful issue of your mission!"

"Amen, mademoiselle," he replied.

And the Colonel was gone.

As the door closed after him, Marguerite sank into a chair and covered her face with her palms.

And thus she sat for a length of time, all her thoughts of him, of Red Hand.

Oh, if he could but be prevailed upon to fly from the colony, how happy she should feel! Should she herself address Desmoro, and urge him to depart? Would he think her presuming and unwomanly were she to do so? Well, what matter what he might think, so long as she but succeeded in getting him to listen to her?

For upwards of an hour Marguerite meditated on the project she had in view; then seeking one of her own apartments, she sat down to indite a letter to the bushranger.

It was a delicate and difficult task that she had set herself; nevertheless, she did not hesitate at performing it. She felt irresistibly drawn into the act. She wrote one note, then another, and another; each and all of which she tore up and burned. She could not make up her mind how to address him—or what language to use, in order to win him to hearken to her. Could she but have had a personal interview with him, she could have spoken to him without fear—without reserve, she thought; and, perhaps, might have been able to work upon his feelings with her voice and her entreaties.

Oh, if she could but see him and speak to him! Marguerite threw aside her pen, and, starting to her feet, paced the room to and fro.

If she could but see him once more! That wish had taken full possession of her mind, and she could not but put it away from her. No, strive as she would, the irrepresible longing was still uppermost in her breast.

While she was thus disturbed in thought, there came a gentle rap at the door of the room, and in the following moment the consul's plump face peered in upon his daughter, who suddenly stopped, resolutely calmed herself, and took a chair.

"Are you not well?" he asked, alarmed at the sight of her white visage.

"'Tis only the excessive heat, papa," she languidly and composedly answered.

"Art thou sure that it's nothing else?" he inquired, with much affectionate and fatherly concern, as he placed himself by her side.

She kissed him, assuring him that nothing ailed her.

"I have news, Marguerite," he went on, smiling and rubbing his hands together,—"rare news, my daughter!"

"Ah!" returned she, a warm flush spreading over her cheeks, wondering what it was he had to communicate to her.

"My kinsman, Count d'Auvergne, whom you never saw, is dead, and I am his heir. Adieu, my consularship, and hey for France, once more—for dear, delightful Paris!"

"You surprise me, papa; I can scarcely believe my senses. Are we really about to return to France?"

"Assuredly, Marguerite. It would not be befitting the dignity of Count d'Auvergne and his magnificent rent-roll to continue in office here."

"When shall we return?"

"As soon as another man can be appointed to fill my place, my dear."

"I congratulate you, dear papa," said Marguerite, embracing him.

"Thou wilt be glad to see Paris again, eh?" he questioned, playfully pinching her cheek.

"Yes," sighed she, somewhat abstractedly.

"Thy 'yes,' soundeth reluctant, as if thou wouldst rather say no."

She smiled faintly, and averted her face from his view.

"But I must away, Marguerite," he went on. "This accession of fortune has made a change in all my plans, and will compel me to sell my Maitland property, which I shall do while yet I can command a good purchaser for it. I shall let Major O'Moore have the offer of it. But before I can arrange about the sale of the estate, it will be necessary for me to pay it a visit. I shall therefore depart for Maitland by to-night's boat, and shall be absent from home until Saturday next."

"You will go hence to-night?"

"This very night. I have written to the Major, asking him to accompany me on my journey, in order that he may ride over and inspect the property."

"I comprehend, papa."

"In the meantime, dream thou of our beautiful France, and of our speedy return to it, eh, mademoiselle Marguerite?"

"Yes, papa, I shall indeed be glad to see my own dear land once more!"

The Count d'Auvergne then rose, pressed a kiss on his daughter's brow, and was gone—gone until Saturday next, and this was Saturday.

He would, then, be absent from home the whole of one week!

Yes, for one entire week Marguerite d'Auvergne's actions would be untrammelled and unwatched.

Marguerite's bosom bounded at the thought. She might be able to accomplish much in those forthcoming seven days.

She reflected and reflected over her plans until she retired to rest, and then she slept upon them, resolved to do nothing rashly. And in the morning she arose with a certain fixed purpose in her mind; and at once she set about arranging her schemes.

Her first task was to rid herself of her maid, so that she might be free entirely. Marguerite recollected that the girl had a married brother living at Woolongong, which brother she had often expressed a wish to visit. That Martha would be glad of the chance of doing so now, there was not the slightest doubt.

Marguerite, who did not wish to lose a single hour's time, at once offered Martha a fortnight's holiday, which offer the girl gladly accepted.

And on Monday morning Martha was gone to Woolongong, and Marguerite was alone.

"Now, there was a quiet family hotel at Parramatta, a place very select and respectable. Marguerite, having made up her mind that change of air would be beneficial to her, left Sydney as secretly as possible, and went to lodge in the aforesaid hotel at Parramatta.

She had given orders for her pony-carriage to be sent after, but had dispensed with her groom, saying that she should not require his service.

Marguerite was not a very timid woman, neither was she a very courageous one; but on this occasion she had put on the dauntless spirit of resolution, and defied all fear.

It was love—all-potent love—that had thus inspired her with fortitude to brave every danger, in order that she might meet a certain reward.

"There are some pretty drives about here, are there not?" she carelessly asked of the mistress of the hotel.

Yes; there are some pretty places about the neighborhood, was the reply.

"Which was the road to Snake Gully?" was the next inquiry made by the lady.

The landlady shook her head, saying that Snake Gully was about the ugliest spot on earth.

"And that's the very reason I should like to see it," laughed Marguerite, at once giving orders for her little equipage to be prepared for her.

The lady would not surely go thither alone? the hostess asked. Did mademoiselle know that she might probably encounter bushrangers on the road?

Marguerite again laughed, replying that she had no fear of meeting any bushrangers.

No fear of meeting bushrangers! Had mademoiselle ever heard of the notorious Red Hand, who infested that neighborhood?

"Yes, frequently."

"And yet mademoiselle has no terror of him?"

"None in the least, madam," Marguerite answered. "Let my carriage be got in readiness as soon as possible. I am determined to see Snake Gully to-day."

The landlady made no rejoinder, but left the room to communicate to her husband the lady's intentions.

"Well, let her go, wife—I'm sure I shan't oppose her will. She's one of your headstrong ones, and must have her own way."

Having written a few lines on a sheet of paper, Marguerite folded the same, put it into her pocket, and then prepared herself for her drive.

After inquiring her way to Snake Gully, Marguerite touched her pony, and started off; the landlord and his wife watching her as she drove away, thinking what a strange being the French lady was.

Marguerite pursued the high road for upwards of an hour, then she turned her pony's head, and entered on a less frequented carriage-track which led to Snake Gully.

It was bright midday; but the road was very solitary, and the gully seemed to look blacker than ever.

Marguerite alighted, and, having convinced herself that she was not watched, led her pony along counting her paces from the gully, and seeking the tree described to her by the Colonel.

Yes, there was what she sought—a withered tree, to her appearing stark and grim, and full of strange significance.

Again Marguerite glanced up and down the road, in order to assure herself that she was all alone on it. No; no one was within sight, and yet a pair of amazed eyes were watching her every movement, marvelling wherefore she was there, and what she was about to do.

Marguerite now drew forth a letter, the one she had indited a short while ago and approaching the tree, she found a cavity, and put her note therein. Then, looking pale as death, she regained her vehicle, and set off at full speed.

As she disappeared, a man's figure emerged from behind a bush, and the lady's missive was withdrawn from its hiding-place, and hastily torn open.

"Aha! it has reached my hand much sooner than she anticipates!" cried Desmoro (for it was he himself who had seen Marguerite but now).

"What brought her here, and what can she have to say to me, I wonder?" he added, fixing his eyes upon the writing, and reading the following lines:—

"To-morrow, the seventeenth day of the

month, at the hour of two, p.m., Marguerite, the writer of this, will meet you here, by this withered tree. Have no fear of her intentions. She is seeking you with every feeling of sincere friendship."

The bushranger read and re-read the mysteriously-worded epistle, quite at a loss to understand its meaning.

Had he not chanced to see Marguerite herself place the paper where he had found it, he would not have believed that it had come from her.

He was perplexed, completely so; and the longer he reflected on the contents of that same note, the more bewildered he seemed to grow.

Marguerite was a lady of birth, of breeding, and of beauty; what could she possibly have to say to the bushranger, Red Hand, that she should thus ask him to meet her alone?

He walked back to his home pondering, pondering; Marguerite's lovely face before his mind's eye every step of the way he went.

Desmoro's heart was trembling like a frightened bird.

He did not dream (for vanity was not one of his faults) that Marguerite loved him. He would have expected the stars to fall upon him sooner than the tender regards of a woman—a woman such as Marguerite d'Auvergne.

He sighed deeply, and sadly regained his home.

Besides this communication from the lady, he had likewise received one from his father, urging him to fly from the colony as soon as possible, and offering to aid him in that flight.

Desmoro was filled with grave meditation and gradually the iron in his heart was softening and melting away.

He could not recall the dreadful past, but he could regret it, and mourn over it; and he did so, and that most sincerely.

"If it were not for this mother's mark, this hideous stain, which has brought upon me so much trouble and pain, I might hope to amend my ways, and lead a new and a better life," Desmoro murmured within himself, as he sat dreamily watching Neddy, who was busy preparing their midday meal.

The bushranger used to love this cavern-retreat of his, but now it was beginning to appear hateful in his sight, and he was wishing that he could flee far, far away from it.

Neddy was watching his master, wondering what was causing him to look so melancholy. Desmoro was generally so careless and gay-spirited; and wherefore was it that he was not so now? Neddy asked himself.

"Perhaps he's thinking of Ben's money, which is now his own, and is a-mothering of his brain how he's to get hold on it!" further cogitated Neddy. "He's in a rare brown study. It must be about all those bank-notes that he's a-thinking. I wish to gracious he'd just tell me what's a-troubling of him so; for if it ain't the money, I'd like to know what it is?"

Neddy placed a most savory meal before his master, who did not touch one morsel of it.

"Lor, mister! what ails the dinner?" inquired the man, very anxiously; "it's not burnt, is it?"

"No, I don't think it is, Neddy," Desmoro abstractedly answered.

"But you haven't tasted it."

"I haven't, I know."

"And you don't mean to taste it?"

"I cannot, Neddy; I am not at all hungry or well."

"Not well? What is the matter with you, mister?"

"Nothing of any consequence, Neddy."

The man did not reply, but removed the dish—a stew of parrots and pumpkins—and set it aside.

The bushranger stretched himself on one of the rough couches, and closed his eyes.

Neddy hemmed once or twice, then he spoke.

"Something's a-troubling of your mind, mister," said he.

Desmoro made no answer—he did not, even, unclose his eyes.

"I said that something is a-troubling of your mind," repeated Neddy, in a louder tone than before. "Is it old Ben's money, eh?"

"No, no, my good fellow, I'm not thinking anything about that matter."

"You're not?"

"No, I am simply indisposed; it is from the excessive heat of the weather, I suppose."

Neddy shook his head: he did not believe that the weather had anything to do with his master's present state, but he said not a word in reply.

Desmoro lay for some length of time, singing at intervals, but uttering no other sound.

"Would you like a pannikin of tea, mister?" Neddy now took courage to inquire.

"No—yes!" returned Desmoro, paying but little heed to what he was saying.

Neddy was delighted, and the tea was prepared in the shortest possible time.

"Would you like to quit your present life, Ned?" questioned Desmoro, as he listlessly sipped his tea.

"I don't understand you, mister," returned the man, his face suddenly changing color.

"Would you like to accompany me to another land, my lad—to another land, where we might live without doing wrong to any one—without the fear of the police at every turn we take?"

"Lor, now, is that what you've been a-thinking about all this while? Well, I never!" cried Neddy, dropping into a chair, in great amazement. "What land should you go to—Van Diemen's?"

"No, to France or Germany," Desmoro answered, a pleasurable thrill pervading his whole frame as he mentioned those far-off countries, about which he had read and heard so very much.

Neddy, who was an Australian born, looked greatly perplexed; he could not remember ever having heard of either of the lands thus named, and he was wondering whether they were some newly-discovered islands—may be a trifle bigger than Garden Island, or that called Pinchgut.

Neddy's geographical knowledge was exceedingly limited, you perceive.

"France or Germany, mister?" repeated he, scratching his ear, and shutting up one of his eyes in a sage manner. "Never heard of the places; hopes that they are safe—that there's no mounted pleece there."

Desmoro smiled at the man's simplicity, and hastened to explain to him that France and Germany were countries upwards of sixteen thousand miles across the sea.

"Sixteen thousand miles of water, mister!" exclaimed Neddy, his eyes stretched wide.

"Lor, you're a funning of me mister, ain't you?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"How could we get away?" queried Neddy.

"It ain't such a easy matter to get away from Sydney, the pleece is so precious sharp after a fellar."

"Still I am nursing an idea of escape."

"You are, mister? But we must gain possession of the dead Jew's money first," said Neddy.

"It's quite a big fortune, you may be sure. Oh! only suppose, if anybody else was to find it, and keep it?"

Desmoro pondered for some few minutes. I.e. was thinking that Ben's legacy would be very welcome to him, and he was wondering how he could possibly manage to obtain possession of it.

Presently he spoke.

"Neddy," said he, "you are not known in Sydney, now; you have grown quite out of the remembrance of the people there."

"Well, mister?"

"I fancy I've hit upon a plan by which we may obtain the treasure."

"Lor! Well?"

"You must go to Sydney, and rent the dead Jew's house."

"But suppose it's already rented to some one; what then, mister?"

"Then I'll leave you to invent some plan by which we may gain admission to the place," rejoined Desmoro.

Neddy looked puzzled, and leaning his cheek upon his palm, he fixed his gaze upon the fire, and fell into a fit of meditation, while Desmoro dropped into a light slumber, and dreamed of the beautiful Marguerite d'Auvergne.

(To be continued.)

Miss Mary Carpenter, who comes from over sea to aid in diffusing better notions of discipline and reform in our correctional institutions, has been received with much cordiality, and has gone straight at the work she had in hand. She says that the ticket-of-leave system so successfully carried on by Sir Walter Crofton was a good thing, and tended greatly to reform convicts; that criminals must have inducements to avoid crime, and be convinced of the danger of pursuing it. They have numerous societies in England to aid in this work. No convict prison could any more clear a country of crime than a hospital could prevent disease. Miss Carpenter arrived in Montreal on the 26th ult., on a visit to her brother, Dr. Philip Carpenter.

We have received, says the correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, a letter from a female cousin now going to school at Vassar College, and as the epistle contains information of a startling character, it is thought best to publish a part of it. After a request to send her down a box of soft slate-pencils, and gum-drops to eat, she says: "We do have such fun here. All the girls are made to participate in out-door exercises, and we row on the lake, ride horseback, turn hand-springs, run foot-races, and have heaps of fun. Belle Hastings can climb a thirty-foot smooth pole in two minutes. Nell Vivian (you remember her) can turn a hand-spring and not make a wrinkle in her dress. I put a beautiful head on Mary Dodge yesterday in the boxing-room."

A MERRY MONARCH.—The San Francisco News Letter rejoices in the death of Mirambo, a mighty prince of Central Africa. We can bear, it says, with despots who observe the decencies of life; but a tyrant who dresses himself in a single banana leaf, and on Sundays wears only one ring through his nose, cannot be countenanced conscientiously. A monarch who would take the trousers sent from missionary-inspired ladies of Aberdeen, split them in half, fill them with sand and make a war-club of each leg, cannot be forgiven on the ground of mere eccentricity. Mirambo had a habit of shoving his crown suddenly under his son when the prince went to set down, so that the spikes would make him screech. The father enjoyed this joke as much as if he had been brought up and educated on a comic journal.

Mr. Henry Bull, of Peoria, it is alleged, was fed upon calomel and blue pills by the doctors for a number of years, so that finally he became absolutely saturated with quicksilver. The other day, while he was standing by the side of the house, the sun suddenly came out bright and warm, and Bull began gradually to ascend. He stopped at the line of the sill of the second story window, and hung there, suspended in space, until a thunder storm happened to come up, which cooled the atmosphere, and then Mr. Bull slowly descended. Now he has a graduated scale marked on the gable end of his dwelling.



# THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873

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## ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

## MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial story,

## PUBLICANS AND SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

### FIREARMS AND FIRE-CRACKERS.

If a statistician were to figure up the number of accidents caused yearly by the careless use of firearms and fire-crackers, we should probably be astonished at the result of his calculations. Hardly a day passes without its case of injuries inflicted by foolish toying with dangerous weapons, or of disasters by fire caused by the explosion of fire-crackers. Especially on public holidays does this occur. Everyone must have remarked, on reading the papers of the 25th May or the 2nd July—the mornings of our great national holidays—the large number of accidents occasioned in this manner. From all parts of the country come stories of loss of life and destruction of property attributable to these two prolific causes. In New York alone, on the fourth, no less than thirty-one accidents occurred from carelessness in the use of firearms and fire-crackers, and as many more in Brooklyn. The other cities of the Union also contributed their quota of casualties, making up a grand total that is frightful to contemplate. And yet this annual holocaust of victims to a foolish and criminal practice might, with a very little care, be easily avoided. In the first place, a total revision of the law respecting the carrying of dangerous weapons is necessary. It will perhaps hardly appear credible to those unacquainted with the Act in question that while severe penalties are imposed upon individuals carrying knives, daggers, sword-sticks, slung-shot, life-preservers or bludgeons, no prohibition exists against the carrying of pocket firearms. Yet, so it is. A decent man carrying a stick of more than usual stoutness or weight is liable to arrest or fine, while a rowdy who is in the custom of wearing a revolver, and perhaps of using it when occasion may seem to him to require, escapes scot free so long as he does not actually break the peace. While this state of things continues, we may expect to hear of the usual amount of disasters caused by playing with

firearms. But let us have a stringent law prohibiting the practice of carrying revolvers—or such a law as prevails in one of the Western States, where the mere playing with firearms is treated as criminal where it results fatally—and let the provisions of this law be faithfully executed, and we shall speedily hear the last of this yearly sacrifice to the Moloch of a foolish practice. In the matter of the fire-crackers, the case is different. There is no lack of preventive measures, but a very great want of energy in the manner in which these are put into execution. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be nearer the truth to say that they are not put into execution at all. On all sides the most culpable indifference prevails. But from this indifference we may be sure that one day a rude awakening will come, and, taught by a bitter experience, we shall at last come to attach the proper amount of importance to the matter. In the meantime the usual number of casualties will continue to be reported.

### "SOUTHERN CHIVALRY."

A very curious phase of so-called Southern chivalry has been brought under our notice during the last fortnight or so—a phase which takes us back to the days of the "bloody code" when insult could only be atoned for by human life, and which reflects little credit either on the parties concerned or the school in which they were reared. The facts, as reported, are briefly as follows: The editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, one Col. Rhett, having been condemned in a libel suit in which he was defendant, indulged in some remarks on the argument of the plaintiff's counsel, Judge Cooley, which so irritated the latter that he demanded an explanation. This being refused, he inserted a card in the New Orleans *Times*, giving his version of the affair, and proclaiming Rhett "an unmitigated calumniator, a deliberate and wilful falsifier, an artful dodger, and, withal, a thorough-paced braggart." A challenge from the editor followed, which was accepted. The parties met, and Rhett vindicated his honor—Heaven save the mark!—by shooting his opponent through the heart. And yet this cold-blooded murder is looked upon with approval by the Louisiana "Chivalry," and Col. Rhett is the hero of the day. The affair is totally incomprehensible. That in the nineteenth century, the boasted age of reason, civilization and refinement, and in a country which professes to be the most enlightened on the face of the earth, a man should go out with the firm intention of doing his best to take the life of a fellow human being, and, having succeeded therein, be not only uncalled to answer at the bar of justice, but actually magnified into a hero, a noble being who had performed an act of manly bravery—is an unheard-of abomination. But, thank God, if justice is not to be obtained on earth, it is elsewhere. There is, however, such a power as retributive justice, and it will be with a feeling of grim satisfaction that the world will hear of Col. Rhett sharing the fate of that arch-bully, de Cassagnac. Until this occurs, it is a satisfaction to know that, outside of his own lawless community, the successful duellist will be looked down upon as an outcast from society.

### HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

"Hospital Sunday! what is Hospital Sunday?" we fancy we hear our readers exclaim. Well, it certainly is a novel institution, one little known on this side of the Atlantic. Yet it is an institution which has brought about an incalculable amount of good, which has done much to promote a fellow-feeling of man for man, and which has brought out into a clear light that noblest of virtues—Charity. Hospital Sunday was, if we remember aright, first instituted in Edinburgh. In that city it has long been the custom to have an annual charity sermon delivered in aid of the Royal Infirmary. The result is always a complete

success. Large subscriptions are taken up, for all classes come forward eagerly to contribute to so noble an object. The idea was recently taken up in Birmingham, where it also proved successful. Finally it was tried in the metropolis, and there its results surpassed even the most sanguine expectations. The fifteenth of June was appointed for a general collection in churches of every denomination in aid of the many hospitals of the city. On that day, all creeds, all sects, all churches were represented. Religious differences were for once set aside, and all joined in the work of succouring their suffering fellows. The idea has been transplanted to this continent, and has been tried, with indifferent success, in Montreal. Perhaps in some of our western and eastern cities it might meet with more favour. The trial is decidedly well worth making. Such a noble work should not be allowed to fall to the ground.

### NEWS CONDENSED.

**THE DOMINION.**—The Hon. Hugh Macdonald, Minister of Militia, has been re-elected by acclamation for Antigonish. The Hants (N.S.) election has resulted in the return of Mr. Gouge, with a clear majority of 113 over Capt. Armstrong, the Government candidate. The meeting of the Huntington Investigation Committee has been adjourned until the 13th prox.

The subscriptions to the Drummond Colliery Relief Fund amount up to date to \$11,539.

The Inman steamship "City of Washington" went ashore in a dense fog on the Nova Scotian coast, seventy miles east of Sambro. Passengers and baggage saved. The wreck broke up last week. The South Eastern Counties R.R. has been opened from Richmond to Vermont. A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Halifax last week. It is stated that the Government have decided to grant out of the appropriation of last session a bonus of 15 per cent on all civil service salaries at the capital, one half of which will be paid at once, the other half in December, and that they have been placed the salaries of all deputy heads on a uniform footing of \$3,200.

**THE UNITED STATES.**—Great damage has been done by rain-storms to the crops in Southern Indiana, Ohio, and Northern Kentucky. A strange railway accident occurred last week in Kansas; half a mile of the Missouri Pacific Railway Track, near Kichapoo station, dropped into the Missouri River last evening. It sunk out of sight in the flooded stream in one lurch and without any warning. The water where the track was situated is now forty feet deep. Railroad men say it is a most fearful rent. The "Tigress" sailed on Saturday on her voyage of search in the Arctic regions. She carries 250 tons of coal and provisions for forty men for two years.

**THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—The Bank of England forgers have been fully committed. The trial will take place next month at the Old Bailey.

The Wimbledon camp opened on Monday week. The case for the prosecution in the Tichborne trial closed on Wednesday, and the Court adjourned until the 21st inst. A meeting is about to be called in London of all persons who have claims against the United States, which arose after the terminal date fixed in the Treaty of Washington, for taking joint action for the advancement of their interests.

In the House of Commons, last week, Mr. Henry Richard, Secretary of the London Peace Society, moved that in the opinion of the House, her Majesty's Government should communicate with Foreign Powers for the purpose of improving international law, and with the view of establishing arbitration as the permanent resort for the settlement of the differences of the nations. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion. He argued that it would defeat its own object, because continental nations held widely different views on the subject. He asked the gentleman to withdraw the motion. Mr. Richard declined to withdraw, and the House divided. The division resulted in a tie of 98 yeas to 98 nays. The Speaker gave his casting vote in favor of the motion, which was adopted.

**FRANCE.**—M. Dufaure's bill for the consideration of the constitutional bills proposed by President Thiers before his resignation has been rejected by the Assembly. The duel between M. Ranc and M. de Cassagnac took place last week, on Luxembourg territory. De Cassagnac was seriously wounded. The second instalment—two hundred and fifty millions francs—of the last milliard of the war indemnity, was delivered to the German treasury on the 5th inst. There now remains due to Germany but five hundred millions francs, which, in accordance with the treaty signed at Berlin on the 15th March last, is to be paid by the 5th of next September. In accordance with the terms of the treaty the Germans commenced to retire from the department of the Vosges, Ardennes, Meuse, Meurthe, and Moselle, completing the evacuation of this portion of the country on the 15th. The Shah is greatly pleased with his reception in Paris. There are serious difficulties with regard to the Reuter concession. Reuter is a million and a half of dollars out of pocket. He deposited \$250,000 as a guarantee on the contract and expended an

equal sum in bribes to secure the contract. He also loaned the Shah at 5 per cent \$1,000,000; the money will never be repaid. Now there is a curious intrigue around the Shah to make him cancel his concessions. The Shah was brought out by Reuter to help to float his schemes, but other London financiers appeared and have told the Shah's Suite that the concession was worth more than Reuter was paying. Mirza Hassan Ali, the Khan's Minister of Public Works, is against him. Reuter would like to sell the concession in the face of such difficulties. It is doubtful if it has any value.

**SPAIN.**—Don Carlos has ordered the arrest of the Curé of Santa Cruz. The Carlists have captured the town of Sanguesa, in the Province of Navarre, 25 miles south-east of Pampeluna, and shot the tax-collector. The Carlists have seized thirty-four residents of Marsa and hold seven of them as hostages for the safe return of the insurgents now in the hands of the Republicans. The remaining twenty-seven are held for ransom. The Deputy Mayor and Councillor of Malaga have been assassinated.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The session of the Federal Assembly opened at Berne last week. Herr Ziegler, of Zurich, was elected President. The European and American Postal Congress will meet at Berne on 9th Sept.

**TURKEY.**—The Sultan intends paying a visit to the Khedivé of Egypt. Mahmond Pasha has been summoned to Constantinople to be tried for acts committed when he was Grand Vizier. It is stated that eight Turkish men-of-war are on the way to Sumatra to watch over the interests of the Sultan in that island.

**PORTUGAL.**—The vine disease is spreading in the country.

**MEXICO.**—The revolution in Yucatan is extending and the country has been declared in a state of siege. The elections for members of the Mexican Congress will be held on the 6th inst. The indications are that the majority of the next Congress will be opposed to the administration. The Mexican press are urging the Government to confer the right of citizenship upon foreigners without compelling them to renounce their nationality.

**GERMANY.**—The Emperor is at Ems. Thence he will go to Gastein, and will visit Vienna about the end of August. Cholera has made its appearance at Breslau and Lauterburg. The Norwegians belonging to the German Arctic Navigation Co.'s service, who were left on the Spitzbergen, were found dead by the party which went to their relief.

**RUSSIA.**—The Khan of Khiva and his Ministers, who had taken flight, have returned and submitted to General Kaufmann. Since the fall of Khiva, the Russian Government renewed its assurances that its troops will retire from the country when the Khan has been sufficiently punished for his treatment of Russian subjects.

**AUSTRIA.**—The Deak party at Pesth has coalesced with the Left Centre and formed a Liberal party of overwhelming parliamentary power. The Emperor will visit the Czar at St. Petersburg in December next. The International Patent Right Convention meets at Vienna on the 14th proximo.

**ITALY.**—The crisis in the Italian Ministry has terminated. Signor Minghetti has formed a Cabinet, which is constituted as follows: President of the Council and Minister of Finance, Signor Minghetti; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Signor Visconti Venosta; Minister of the Interior, Signor Contelli; Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs, Signor Vigliani; Minister of War, Lieut.-Gen. Ricotti Magnani; Minister of Marine, Signor Saintbon; Minister of Public Works, Signor Spaventa; Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Scalaposa; Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Signor Finelli. The Shah of Persia has accepted an invitation to visit Italy.

**CUBA.**—There has been heavy fighting in the Manzanillo district in which the insurgents were uniformly successful, and a number of Spanish soldiers killed. The insurgent general Garcia is reported to have united the commands of Generals Diaz, Pornez and Pradao, and with the formidable force thus formed, is marching between Bayamo and Manzanillo. A later report says that Gen. Quesada has landed in the island and taken command of the insurgent forces.

**AFRICA.**—The *Herald's* London special correspondent at Khartoum, telegraphs via Alexandria, a confirmation of the arrival of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker and party; he adds that Sir Samuel Baker has succeeded in organizing district governments, appointing superintendents and making Faliko the chief station, Gondokoro being next in importance. He also established eight other principal posts, which form a connected chain from Nubia and Nyanza, and obtained troops to complete the garrisoning of communication. An important geographical discovery is said to have been made, which will astound the scientific world, as it pretends that Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza prove to be one and the same water, and a magnificent inland sea, 700 miles in length. It is further announced that vessels can be launched above the falls named after Sir Roderick Murchison and sail to Ujiji. Baker and party are in excellent health, and leave at once for Sonakia en route to Suez.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—The Brazilian Council of State has decided that Papal bulls must have the placet of the Government, before they can be promulgated, and that sentences of excommunication are without civil effect in Brazil. The Government of Paraguay refuses to enter upon any negotiation with General Mitras, the special envoy of the Argentine Republic, until the Argentine forces are withdrawn from Chaco.



# THE MONK AND THE BIRD. ANCIENT LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHUBERT.

The bright spring morn its sunshine cast  
On field and streamlet gay,  
When Petrus Speculator passed  
From out his cloister grey,  
And as he wandered through the wood,  
He cried, "Lord, all Thy works are good!"

"In smiling spring with gem-like flowers  
Thou dost adorn the ground;  
With golden corn in summer hours  
Thou pourest wealth around.  
Fair pearls in autumn Thou dost shed,  
And silver brightens winter's head."

"Oh Lord, what wonders manifold  
Surround our earthly dwelling!  
But when Thy saints Thy face behold,—  
A joy all joys excelling,—  
For ever thus,—from year to year,—  
Will not the time too long appear?"

"Oh God, enlighten Thou my mind!"  
This was the prayer he prayed—  
When roaming on, he starts to find  
A change where'er he strayed.  
No well-known oaks and pines were seen,  
Around were palms and myrtles green!

To one tall tree he turned his feet,  
For midst its branches fair  
A strain of music passing sweet  
Filled all the balmy air.  
Enraptured, to the spot he clung—  
It was a Bird of Heaven that sung!

And oh how marvellous the lay!  
It raised the soul from earth,—  
Its theme—the Resurrection day,—  
Creation's second birth;  
When Heaven shall drop with golden dew,  
And Christ the Lord make all things new;  
When at the trumpet's solemn voice  
The grave's dread chain shall part,  
And saints and angels shall rejoice  
With every ransomed heart!  
The monk, entranced, stood listening long,  
"Blest bird! I thank thee for thy song."

And now with gladdened soul he hied  
Toward his home once more,  
But change unlooked for he espied  
Around his convent door.  
The brook, the field, the woods were gay,  
But dim with age that cloister grey.

He crossed the threshold wondering,  
An unknown brother came,  
"Stranger, you seem to know your way,  
Declare your wish,—your name?"  
"My way I ought to know," said he,  
"Do you not Brother Petrus see?"

"Petrus!" exclaimed the monk, aghast,  
In wild amazement lost,—  
"A thousand rolling years have passed  
Since, from our convent tost,  
Petrus, 'tis said, went forth at prime,  
And ne'er was heard of from that time."

Then Petrus, trembling, lifts his eyes  
And lowly bends his knee,  
And deeply gasps for breath, and cries,  
"My madness, Lord, I see!  
Oh fool! to think that Heaven's own joy  
Could fail the heart to satisfy."

"And Thou hast sent a heavenly Bird  
That bore my soul away,  
When its enchanting song I heard  
Of the Redemption day,  
Till tranced beneath its magic power  
A thousand years seemed but an hour."

"What will it be—what will it be,  
When that Redemption I shall see!  
When on my Lord these eyes shall rest,  
When in His love this soul is blest!  
Enwrapped in fulness of delight  
What heart can tell the seasons' flight?  
Eternity like Time will flee  
When once Thy children gaze on Thee!"

M. A. S. M., in the Leisure Hour.

## FLORENCE CARR.

### A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—Continued.

Poor Mrs. Barker might have remained longer in her crouching position, if one of the policemen had not aroused her with the charitable intention of getting her away from that painful scene.

"Eigh, what dost thee want?" she asked, with a vacant, silly expression on her face.

"Go to be married?" she went on, with a foolish laugh. "Aye, aw'm ready. They say aw'm the bonniest lass in Owdham, but it don't matter. My John be the brawnniest lad. Eigh, whar, oh, whar is my Highland laddie gone?" And she began to sing odd snatches of songs, all horribly out of place in the presence of the untimely dead.

The policemen used as they were to scenes

of revolting crime, could not look upon one sister dead, the other crazed, and Frank Gresham stricken down by the sight and carried away like a man who would never rise in health and strength again, without being themselves affected, and with all possible expedition they got Mrs. Barker out of the cottage, hoping that fresh air, and the sight of other and familiar faces would help to restore her to memory and reason.

In vain, however.

The terrible sight or the confirmation of some previously-formed suspicion, had produced an effect which not all the skill in the world could counteract.

When her son, somewhat later in the day, was with great difficulty made to comprehend the untimely death of his aunt, and the terrible calamity that had befallen his mother, his reply seemed foolish and incomprehensible, indeed, as though it had no connection with the subject.

"Eigh, then all's safe," he muttered, and then he began, if possible to drink more deeply than ever.

But even drunken men have lucid intervals; periods, at least, when the tongue is loosened and secrets are half divulged, which excite suspicion, afford a clue, and often lead to the detection of the criminal.

That this would be the case, Bob Brindley, the vilest villain of the three, had clearly foreseen, and had also, he believed, provided against, as far, at least, as his own safety and the proof of guilt against himself were concerned.

Hence his object in dropping the stud marked with Sydney Beltram's initials, and allowing John Barker's hat to remain, when he might have taken it away and thus have removed all trace as to the identity of the murderers.

The sharpest and shrewdest people are very apt to overreach themselves, and this was exactly what Bob Brindley had done.

A hat and a stud are not the most definite clues to work upon, but many a crime has been traced out with far less to warrant its certainty. John Barker's vague mutterings might only have been treated as the wanderings of a drunkard, had they not been taken in connection with the suspicious hat.

When asked by his companions where he had got so much money to spend, he replied, vaguely, that there was plenty more where that came from.

On the evening of the same day that the murder was discovered and before he, in company with Beltram, visited the captives in the coal pit, Bob Brindley had found John out at the "Cross Keys," and taking him aside, tried to sober and reason with him upon the imprudence of his present conduct, and the certainty of detection if he persisted in it.

But John was not to be persuaded; terror even failed to move him, and when Brindley, becoming angry and impatient, began to threaten him, the effect was to make him sullen and revengeful.

"Well, if thee won't run, thee'll hang for't," said Brindley, hotly, as he left him.

But he did not hear the threat returned.

"If aw do hang, aw'll have company."

And even had he done so, it would have affected him but slightly.

He had taken his own precautions too carefully, he believed, to place his own neck in danger. Moll was the only person who could throw suspicion upon, or give evidence against him, and he had no doubt about managing her, for up to this time, be it remembered, he had not found out how very obstinate—first, perhaps I should have said—Moll could be, and how much more difficult than he anticipated it would be to mould her.

His plans had all been laid to leave Oldham with Moll that very night, and with the blind infatuation peculiar to men who believe themselves to be irresistible, he could not, up to the very last, believe but that Moll loved him.

Originally his plan had been for his two accomplices and himself, with the two girls, to leave Oldham and England on the night succeeding that of the outrage, not going together or intending to meet again, but disappearing simultaneously; and, through the traces left behind, he calculated that suspicion would fall upon the two others, without even approaching him, and, as they would be far beyond the arm of the law before suspicion could fall upon them, there would be no danger of their trying to implicate him in the matter.

Very nice in theory, no doubt.

But theories do not always look promising when reduced to practice, and Bob Brindley's notions, up to a certain point, had succeeded, then blundered, and signally failed.

Had John Barker been provided with a companion as scheming and worldly wise as Florence Carr, the sequel might have been different.

But, believing in his own security, neither threats nor entreaties would induce him to carry out the preconcerted plan of flight, and while Brindley was waiting to urge him, and striving to bend Moll, the precious moments were passing away, moments in which their "hearts like muffled drums, were beating funeral marches to the grave."

The morning of the second day dawned, and still found Brindley and Barker in Oldham.

In fact, a power invisible, but like that exercised over a man when under the influence of nightmare, was upon the former.

Try as he would to banish it, a vision of the old woman as she struggled with her murderers would present itself before him, would follow him, exert himself as he would and did to reason or drive it from him.

It was not a pleasant sensation, and there was beyond it something even worse.

What had taken place or was being enacted in that deserted working in the coal mine?

Hundreds of times this question presented itself to his mind, never to be replied to.

The men were out on strike.

But it was not of them he thought.

Moll was there, he believed—alive or dead! This was what puzzled him.

He did not know, and he dared not go in person to solve the question.

He did not go to the mouth of the pit and question the man in charge of it, Jem's sweetheart, who was in his pay, and wholly in his power, and who knew but little, and never even guessed at the identity of the persons who had been taken down and brought up from the mine.

But the man replied, as he believed truthfully, that the old woman whom he had let down had likewise returned from her underground journey, and Bob Brindley made his way to the residence of Mother Black, the White Witch, expecting to hear the result of her visit, and the details of Moll's decision and fate from her.

Here again he was disappointed.

Mother Black was not at home, Jem told him with a stolid, unreadable face.

And the deformed girl, after being questioned, admitted that she did not know what time her granny left the house.

It must have been early she thought, but she could not tell.

Her granny had sent her to bed the previous night, and she had seen nothing of her since.

Where she had gone she could not even guess, but she supposed she was all right, and would return in a day or two.

In any case it was useless searching for her.

Such, delivered in broad Lancashire dialect, was Jem's expressed opinion, and the disappointed man went away gloomily, feeling as though even the ground on which he trod was insecure, and yet, having risked so much, unwilling to escape, until he knew whether his prize was lost or won.

Even now the shadow of crime was upon him; it dogged his footsteps, peered into his eyes, was ever at his side, and he could not shake it off or fly from it.

Had he possessed his usual nerve, he would have gone down into the coal pit, have searched the part in which the prisoners had been hid, and have solved the fate of one of them at least.

But this, he dared not, could not do.

The sight of Moll's face, cold and white in death, would, he felt, send him raving mad, and if she were alive and still obdurate, he might, in a fit of frenzy and passion, kill her.

No, the wisest, the safest course would be to wait until the return of the old hag, and learn the result of her interview with the prisoner from her.

There could be no danger in such a trifling delay.

Suspicion had as yet settled upon no one definitely; it could not by any possibility fall upon him. Indeed, if John Barker were out of the way, there might not be any cause or necessity for his leaving Oldham.

Was it the very fiend that suggested this thought to him?

Who can say? But once planted in his mind, it remained there.

If John Barker were out of the way, if John Barker were dead—that is what it came to.

And the idea from which he shrank at first, became familiar to him, until it was not the question of the crime, but of the means of executing it, that he pondered and schemed over.

Still there was the same uncertainty about Moll's fate.

If she were alive, if she would yield and fly with him, the further crime need not be committed, since it would be useless, perhaps dangerous.

And the day, the same on which we know Moll was speeding on to London, to carry the glad hope of possible freedom to the dark prison; the day on which she fainted at the gates and was carried home by the detective, Barker, passed on. Little or no light was thrown upon the dark tragedy, and one of the actors in it was already meditating upon another equally heinous crime.

As surely as night succeeds day, so does the commission of one crime occasion, I had almost said, necessitate the commission of another.

Like walking on a quicksand, the further you go, the deeper you sink, until the treacherous sand and water engulf and hold you in their death-like embrace, till the last earthly gasp and struggle is over.

Hours of agony, which seemed as though they would never end, had been that day to Bob Brindley.

No news of Moll.

No news of Mother Black.

He had been to her cottage twice with the same result, the same replies, from Jem; the third time he came, it was to find the door locked, the house in darkness, and the crippled girl gone.

This might not be an unusual or singular circumstance, but it struck him as peculiarly ominous.

If he had but the courage to go down into the coal pit, to try to solve the mystery himself, it might not be too late.

But he dared not—he simply dared not.

He who had condemned a helpless woman to a living death, dared not face the result of his

own work, and the question now lay between flight and the death of John Barker.

He had not previously felt any great love for the town in which he was born, though it possessed a horrible fascination for him now.

If John Barker were dead, all would be well, so he argued. If Mother Black returned he would be silent for her own sake; and when his nerves were a little stronger, when he had, in a measure recovered from the foolish fancies which oppressed him, he would go to that disused and extreme part of the pit, cover over, and hide or bury all that remained of the woman who had preferred death to his love.

He shuddered, even as he thus thought and planned, but his decision was arrived at.

John Barker was to be disposed of, without unnecessary delay, this very night if possible.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### THE CUP AND THE LIP.

The same day as that which passed so slowly to Bob Brindley, with such mingled doubt, and thoughts of evil—the same that saw Moll Arkshaw hastening with repressed excitement and anxious expectation to Millbank Prison, found Florence Carr with her gaoler, as she chose to term Sidney Beltram, in a quiet hotel near Charing Cross.

They had reached the metropolis some hours earlier than Moll, and had proceeded direct to this hotel, where their names had been entered in the books as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney.

Not a very loving couple did they seem, the lady especially paying little heed to her supposed husband's observations, and insisting upon having separate rooms, and a private sitting-room, in a tone and manner which brooked no demur or denial; although, the hotel being rather full, the clergyman had to content himself with an attic as a sleeping apartment.

"Well, she's a beauty, but I shouldn't quite like such a selfish Tartar for a wife," said the waiter to the chambermaid, as he repeated the order. "You're not so handsome, but you're a precious sight jollier, Polly," he continued.

At which Polly pouted, blushed, and tossed her head, expressing her decided opinion that—"It was like his imper'ence."

I am afraid that Florence Carr's temper had not improved with the experiences of the last eight-and-forty hours.

She had never been too sweet or over amiable, as poor Mrs. Bolton, had she been living, could have attested, and it was only such a large-hearted, generous creature as Moll Arkshaw who could have overlooked her failings, and submitted or been blind to her tyrannical and uncertain temper.

To do her justice also, she had been better behaved to Moll than to anyone else whom it had been her fate to come in contact with, although she had been the cause of casting such a cloud upon that poor girl's life and happiness that might perhaps never be completely removed.

There was no restraint placed upon her temper now, however.

She was savage, not as she-bear robbed of its cubs, but as a tigress deprived of its prey.

You have already seen how she had made up her mind to marry Frank Gresham, for the sake of the wealth and position he could give her, and though she had no love for him, she was furious—simply furious at been balked of her prey.

As for Sidney Beltram, her feelings towards him were more than those of hatred, for they verged upon contempt. She literally despised him.

Despised him for the mad passion he entertained for her, and for the crime in which it had involved him.

It was an even balance in her mind even now, whether she would escape from, or marry him, and she made little or no secret of her sentiments with regard to him.

And yet, the more coolly, even contemptuously she treated him, the more abject and confirmed was his love for her.

Love such an overmastering feeling could not be called; it was passion, frenzy, delirium, anything but calm, truthful, honest, yet everyday love.

He asked for little.

To sit and look at her, be near her, hold her hand in his own, even to touch the hem of her garments, was happiness and bliss for him.

While even tolerated, he was humble and gentle, but the very fire which fed the flame could, if spurned and turned upon himself, become fatally dangerous.

Florence knew and saw this.

She had played too much with human hearts not to know something of their working, and how far she might stretch her power over him, without the cord which linked them snapping.

The very expression of his face had changed during the last six months, and even in his calmest moments there was a look of wild excitability in his eye, which too surely spoke of incipient madness.

Looking at him as he just sat near her, Florence read his face, almost his thoughts, and again the question which must soon be solved and answered, irrevocably rose in her mind.

Should she cast in her lot with his, or attempt to escape from, and defy him before it was too late?

But for the dark secret which overshadowed her life, and which belonged to the part of it spent before we met her in Oldham, she would have thrown all care or thought for Beltram to the winds, given him in charge of the police,



and returned triumphant to the side of Frank Gresham, of whose dangerous illness she was ignorant.

But this was impossible. The danger to herself would be as great, nay, greater than to him; trying to elude or evade her fate seemed useless, and she decided to yield to it at last, though not perhaps with the best grace in the world.

There had not been time to get a license, and go through the marriage ceremony, on the day of their arrival in London, but the otherwise pliant and obedient lover declared that it must and should be accomplished on the following day, and then they would start at once for Australia.

Having made up her mind that it was her only resource, Florence resigned herself to the inevitable with a philosophical indifference worthy of a better cause, and ate the tempting dinner served up in the private room, with a relish which showed that anxiety and agitation had not by any means interfered with her appetite.

It was a tedious evening to her at least; tedious, because she had no interest in the conversation or thoughts of her companion, and she wondered if every night of her future life was to be spent in this dull, monotonous manner.

Vaguely and fearfully she felt that she was on the threshold of some great change, on the verge perhaps of a precipice, over which she might be hurled.

She had not experienced this sensation on the night of her abduction, the night which she had believed to be the eve of her wedding, and try to shake the feeling off as she would, it clung to her with a persistency that frightened and terrified her.

A crisis was at hand, and dull, stupid and intolerable as she found the present, it was a haven of bliss, rest and security, compared with the future.

"This is the last time we part," said Beltram, as, in obedience to her hint that she was tired and wished to retire to rest, he rose to bid her good night.

"Is it?" she asked, indifferently.

"Yes, I have the license in my pocket; to-morrow we will be married, and when you are all my own, you will try to love me, won't you?"

"I don't know," she said carelessly.

"Won't you try, Florence?" he asked, in a pleading, earnest tone.

"Perhaps," was the cold reply.

"Florence, do you hate and loathe me so much?" he asked, passionately, his eyes flashing and cheek flushed with excitement; "if it is so, tell me, tell me at once; it is not too late; tell me that you hate, despise and loathe me, that I have sacrificed my honorable and noble name, my position in the world; my hopes of earth and heaven for you; that I have made a very fiend and demon of myself to possess you; that the enemy of mankind who tempted me to become this wreck, has steered your heart against me; tell me this, and I will leave you, leave you now at once and for ever; leave you to join him who made me what I am."

His face had become white with intense feeling and passion; his eyes blazed like lamps of fire; his breath came hot and fast between his parted lips and dilated nostrils; there was the fire and fury of madness, as well as of despised love, in his whole face, speech and manner.

For the first time, the woman before him began to realize what a volcano she was walking so carelessly upon.

The conviction that she had gone, or was going too far, that the man before her was, or might become dangerous, startled her into a conviction of the uncertainty of her position; nay, of her very life, and made her what no amount of abject pleading could have done, gentle, and even in appearance, earnest.

"Sidney, you are hard upon me," she said, in an embarrassed, almost pained tone, and drooping her white eyelids.

"You forget," she went on, "how sudden this has all been; how violent. You are like the Roman who took a Sabine wife by force, and thought to make her love him in a day. A woman may be subdued by superior strength, but her heart must be won by gentleness, and if I had not thought it might be so with me, do you not think, Sidney, that to-day I should have escaped from you?"

She lifted her eyes, those fatally beautifully eyes, to his now, with such a subtle light in them, that, had she lured him to instant death or destruction, he must have followed while their influence was upon him.

"Forgive me, dearest. I am hard, I am unreasonable, but if you knew what I have suffered, if you knew what I still suffer, you would pity me."

"Do you know," he went on with a sudden burst of confidence, "I sometimes think I am mad, or going mad. But it is my love for you. When you are mine, the dream will go away, and the old peace—no, the old peace which passeth understanding, that I used to preach about and feel—no, that won't come again, but I shall have your love; I have given my soul for it; I shall have you."

He was getting excited again, and the girl was anxious to get rid of him, for the time at least.

"Yes, you will have me," she said, in her low, winning, half-timid tones; "and now good-night, Sidney. As you said, this is our last parting."

And, for the first time, she held up her face that he might kiss her.

Who shall name a price for a kiss? Is it not

priceless or worthless, just as the being we love, or one who is indifferent to us, bestows it?

It is the most powerful weapon in a woman's armory, and if the woman is wise, not used too frequently, or given away too freely.

Only one kiss, but it riveted the chain which bound Sidney Beltram so firmly that only death could sever it.

The strange couple, who afforded the waiter and chambermaid at the hotel materials for wonder and conversation, met at breakfast in their private sitting-room, and the meal being over, ordered luncheon at one o'clock, then dressed and went out presumably on business.

Had the curious servants followed them, they would no doubt have been surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Sidney enter a cab as soon as they had turned the corner of a street, and order the man to drive them to a certain church, not very far distant.

Still more surprised would they have been to see the couple dismiss the cab, enter the sacred edifice, walk up to the altar, where a clergyman appeared ready for them, and heard them, in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world, go through the marriage service.

But it was so.

The register was signed, a copy of the certificate given to the bride, the fees paid, and the pair, who were declared to be one till death should tear the bond asunder, left the church, with, as may be imagined, widely different feelings.

"For better or worse," such were the words that rang in Sidney Beltram's ears; the cup he had risked so much for was in his hands, almost at his lips, but may he drink it?

"I am tired and giddy, and should like to go back to the hotel. Call a cab, Sidney," said the new-made bride, and with anxious solicitation on the part of her husband, she is obeyed.

It is not long before the cab stops at the door of the hotel, just as two gentlemen—military men you would judge from their gait, though attired in plain clothes, are passing it.

There is no doubt about the bride being faint and unwell, though she is still conscious.

Perhaps it is the reaction from the excitement she has lately gone through; in any case, her anxious husband throws back her veil, that she may breathe more freely, and supports—almost carries her into the hotel.

Not, however, until their faces had been seen, one would suppose recognized, by the two unobserved gentlemen.

A pause, and a whispered conversation ensues; then the shortest of the two gentlemen, whom you may perhaps recognise as Lieutenant Blackie, strolls up to the waiter who is loitering near the door, and slipping half a sovereign in the man's hand, inquires who the two new arrivals are.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sidney, sir; comed yesterday."

"Ah, yes, I thought so, old friends of mine. We were not mistaken," he added, turning to his companion; "they will be glad to see us. Here, my man," he continued, slipping another coin of equal value into the fellow's hand, "take us up and announce us as two old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney."

The man looked at the gold, hesitated, then at the officer's face, but something which he saw there decided him, and he led the way, closely followed by the strangers.

"Two gentlemen to see you, sir."

The next instant they were in the room.

"This is a mistake. Who are you?" and Sidney Beltram sprang to his feet, while Florence, who had buried her head in the sofa cushion, looked up at this strange intrusion.

"Mr. Beltram, you know me," said Blackie, advancing. "I will justify my conduct afterwards, but may I inquire the name of that lady?" and he pointed to Florence, who sat looking at him with widely opened and terrified eyes.

"That lady is my wife, the Honorable Mrs. Sidney Beltram," was the proud and indignant reply.

"It is false! She is my wife, or was."

It was the stranger, Blackie's companion, who spoke, and at the sound of his voice Florence, who had not noticed or recognised him before, gave a cry of rage and terror, and sprang to her feet.

"You lie!" she hissed, her eyes flashing like those of a furious lioness. "You cheated me with a lie, you told me so, you cast me away like a dog, and left me to die."

"I believed you false; I know you were false, though not as I thought you, and I determined, in my anger, that the world and you should never know that you were my wife. I discovered my mistake, came back, but you were gone. You have chosen your own path," and he pointed to Beltram, "but you were my wife, though we part for ever. But where is my child?"

The wretched woman heard him, and the expression on her face was wild as it was pitiful.

"Your wife!—my child! Oh, Heaven! for what have I sinned? My child, my child!"

A gurgling sob, a stream of blood issuing from her parted lips, and the injured guilty woman fell forward on the floor, insensible.

She had broken a blood vessel.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### IN THE VERY ACT.

The determination to do wrong is seldom formed without the opportunity to execute the intention following close upon it, and this was the case with Bob Brindley.

John Barker's death was, he told himself, necessary to his own safety, and, having arrived at that conclusion, the next thought was how to secure it.

Very carefully had Bob weighed the matter in his own mind, and taking into consideration John's habits of drunkenness, he felt assured that his sudden death, provided there was no appearance of violence, would not arouse surprise or suspicion in the mind of any one.

With this object in view, he went to the chemist at whose shop he was in the habit of buying any medicine or drugs he required, and with whom he was on friendly, even familiar terms.

It had been one of the hobbies and occupations of his leisure hours to make experiments with chemicals, with a view to finding out new and brilliant dyes, and also the secret of making the most fleeting colors fast.

This same subject would stand him in good stead as an excuse now.

So, after having talked a little while about his trials, successes and failures in his experiments, he asked for some prussic acid, and, not dreaming of evil, the chemist supplied him, adding the caution, however, that he had enough to kill half-a-dozen men, and therefore, must be careful of it.

"Never thee fear, mon," was the reply, as having paid the price demanded, and armed with the precious and fatal drug, he left the shop.

An hour after, and he was seated in the tap-room of the "Cross Keys," talking with his intended victim.

It was scarcely ten in the morning, and John was a trifle more sober than on the previous day.

"Listen to me, mon," said Bob, as the two were seated at a table with an empty pewter pot before them; "listen to me for five minutes, and then I'll stand whatever thee likes."

John, not being insensible to the advantage of having whatever he chose to order paid for, resigned himself to be talked to.

"I'm a-goin' away," said Bob, "and it's likely you may never see me again; what be you goin' to do?"

"Stay whar aw be till the brass is gone," was the almost surly reply.

"And then?"

"Make spinner Gresham fork out more."

"Aye; but they say he's awful ill and mayhap won't get better."

"Well, if he dies, I s'pose I mon go to wark."

"But arn't thee afraid as the wark at the cottage will be found out, and that thee'll swing for't?"

"Noa, they'll no go to s'pect me. You and the parson got the lasses. Aw got nort, and they'll come on you two, afore they thinks on me."

"Aye, that may be," returned Brindley, who had no objection to humor his companion at the moment; "and that be the reason, don't thee see, Jone, why aw'm goin' to Americay?"

"Elgh, thee's goin' thar, art thee?"

"Aye. But now, what wilt thee have? It's our last glass, remember."

"Rum," was the reply; "hot and strong."

"Well, go and order it," said Bob, throwing him a half-crown.

The scarcely sober man complied, returning a few moments after, with a potman bringing in the two glasses of steaming spirit and water.

Bob sipped at his glass for a few seconds in silence, thinking, meanwhile, how very precarious his life was, and how it hung on the merest thread while at the mercy of this drunken babbler, his companion.

The poison was in his pocket, the half-emptied glass before him; but the opportunity for using the former seemed as far off as ever.

At this moment a man looked in the room, and seeing that Barker was not alone, beckoned him to come to him.

With scarcely steady footsteps the summons was obeyed, and now came Brindley's chance.

(To be continued.)

IT.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.—Continued.

The High-street of Grandchester absolutely revels in eccentricities of structure. Besides its line of shops, broken by its corn-market and other public buildings, numerous mansions, of every size and form, standing back with dignity from the main thoroughfare, give importance as well as picturesqueness to this portion of the ancient city.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. Susan saw that they were in front of a huge, gloomy pile, which, faced with a columned portico, and lighted by a single gas jet, had very much the appearance of a deserted palace, and caused in Susan's bosom a misgiving thrill, as she thought, "Could this be the Hornet, her future home?"

A second glance reassured her. Iron wickets, in front of huge entrance-doors, showed that they were public rooms of some sort, now closed. The driver had got down to open a gate on the opposite side, and now, without reascending, led his horse up the carriage sweep, conducting to a large, cheerful-looking, modern mansion, and stopped, by Susan's direction, at a side-door leading to the kitchen offices.

Susan's summons was answered by a neat maid, who called a man to take her box, and led her straight to the housekeeper's room.

"Mrs. Martin," the girl remarked, said you

was to come here, and warm and rest yourself in her big chair, comfortable, till she can come down and give you your tea, and tell you all about it, you know?" Therewith she bustled away.

Tell her all about it! So the mystery was to be at once explained. Meanwhile, Miss Lute-string warmed her toes, as directed, and looked about her. Mrs. Martin's room was a picture of neatness, ease, and comfort. It was even more. Everything seemed to glitter and smile. The very chairs—certain of which were of antique form—seemed to put out arms and legs in a jaunty and inviting manner; clocks ticked merrily, cats purred, and a cricket, though, for reasons of his own, remaining invisible, evidently considered it incumbent on him to do the honors of the apartment, and keep up the spirits of the new arrival, until the mistress should appear.

Ten minutes had elapsed, when a cheery voice roused Susan from her pleasant reverie.

"So here you are, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, hurrying in, and speaking almost before she saw the visitor, with whom she shook hands cordially, giving her a kind, motherly kiss. Mrs. Martin was a plump, not to say portly dame of middle age. There was something pleasant and wholesome in the touch of the good woman's warm cheek and hand. It was noted of Mrs. Martin that her hands, preserving their warmth in the coldest winter's day, never increased it in the height of summer. Her circulation, like her genial temper, never varied.

One other peculiarity we may mention, namely, that she believed every other created being to be at times, nay, at frequent times, below par, and consequently in need of a "fillip." It might not be too much to say that Mrs. Martin conceived the entire universe to be indebted for continued existence to the periodical administration of the remedy just mentioned.

"And how are you, my dear? Nice and warm? I'd have been down before," she continued, "but I had to toss up a little something for master, poor gentleman, that only I knows how to make."

"Is Mr. Mountjoy ill?" asked Susan.

"Ill? Eh, no—quite charming," responded the housekeeper, cheerfully. "But he's had a long practice to-day. And, oh, how his poor arms must have ached. He wanted a fillip, so I—"

"What does he practice, ma'am?" inquired Susan.

"Fiddle," said Mrs. Martin, briefly. "I put off my tea, my dear," she went on quickly, "that you and I might have it cosy together. This'll be your sittin' room 'long o' me. Your bedroom's near missis's. I'll show it you while the kettle's biling."

Following her guide up the back staircase, Susan found herself in a broad corridor, running, to all appearance, almost the entire length of the house. It was hung with family pictures, showed groups of sculpture in recesses lined with crimson velvet, and was carpeted with some rich material, so soft and yielding that Susan felt as if her feet would never reach the ground.

"Missis's room adjoins Mr. Mountjoy's," Mrs. Martin continued, "and here," as they entered a small but pleasant chamber, "is yours. That's missis's bell in the corner. There's a deaf and dumb walet, and you won't have much to do, my dear, unless missis's speerits should give way, sudden," concluded the good woman, with a sigh.

Susan noticed that her room was in front, and recognized the grim, forbidding walls of the assembly rooms, scowling at her from over the way.

"What is that building?" she inquired, with a sort of curiosity she would have found it difficult to explain to herself.

"Sembly and show rooms—Dwarfinch's," was Mrs. Martin's reply. "They're dark and quiet just now, but they wakes up sometimes, I promise you."

"Dwarfinch!" An odd name. Susan cast another glance through the window. That dreary, prison-like edifice seemed to exercise over her a gloomy fascination she could not in the least understand.

Very quickly the pair found themselves once more seated in Mrs. Martin's bright little room, enjoying their tea. Tea did I call it? What, with poached eggs on delicate ham? With hot cakes? With even one of those mysterious "somethings," the true secret of whose composition was locked in Mrs. Martin's breast, and ultimately (so I am assured) died with her unrevealed?

Hungry as she was, Susan's anxious curiosity to learn something of the future object of her care, somewhat damped her appetite, thereby awakening Mrs. Martin's ever-ready sympathy.

"You're below yourself, child, I see that," said the good lady, soothingly. "'Tis leaving home, and all that. Bless your heart, you only want a fillip. Now just you put aside that cold slop, and take what I'm going to give you."

So speaking, Mrs. Martin singled out a little key, and, bustling to a cellaret that glistened in a sequestered nook of the apartment, instantly returned with a small glass, filled to the brim with some fluid resembling the purest molten gold.

"Drink that."

Susan obeyed. It was—though not weak—delicious.

"There. I don't give that to every one, I promise you," remarked Mrs. Martin, carefully wiping and putting away the glass.



It was true. And very rarely had the good woman bestowed any upon herself, for, though fond of nice things, she was temperate in their use. Fillips might become expedient, but these delivered, there was an end of it.

"Will not the mistress see me to-night?" inquired Susan, presently.

"All in good time," was the reply. "She's coming down herself to speak to you."

"Coming down?"

"To be sure. Why not? She likes this little room. Bless you heart, many and many a chat missis and me has had in these two big chairs before she goes to bed!"

"And—when do you think I shall see my master?" asked Susan, boldly.

"Ah, that's another pint," replied the housekeeper. "Praps to-morrow. Praps not for a year. I've been housekeeper nigh three years, and I've never seen him yet!"

"Never seen him?"

"Never seen him entire," said Mrs. Martin. "I've heard him often, so will you, especially when it walks."

"It?" ejaculated Susan.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, quickly, "that's only my way of speaking. He walks sometimes for half the night, along the corridor, up and down stairs, anywheres, when he thinks everybody's abed, and 'tis so like a ghost's ways that we a'most think him one."

"Dear Mrs. Martin," burst out Susan, "won't you tell me more about this gentleman? Everything you know?"

"O' course I will," replied the good woman, who had been bursting with impatience to do so before her mistress should appear, and perhaps take part of the history out of her mouth.

The name, Mrs. Martin informed Susan, was not always Grahame Mountjoy, her mistress's late husband, Captain Fellowes, having assumed the former name on succeeding, somewhat unexpectedly, to a large family estate. This occurred about five years since; and Mountjoy, dying in the succeeding year, left to his wife, herself in delicate health, the sole charge of their only child, a youth then about sixteen, and an object of great solicitude.

It would appear that, previous to the accession of fortune just mentioned, the young gentleman had fallen passionately in love with the blue-eyed daughter of the postmaster of the quiet village in which, for economical reasons, the Fellowes had for the moment fixed their residence. Now the difference of station, already sufficiently marked, became hopelessly augmented by the freak of fortune that had transformed Captain Fellowes, with little more than his half-pay and a pension for wounds, into Mr. Grahame Mountjoy, with a landed estate worth twelve thousand a year. Fond almost to adoration, as both parents were, of their boy, nothing could reconcile them to such a connexion. They quitted the village, and all intercourse with its inhabitants was thenceforth peremptorily suspended.

If the parents considered that the attachments of a boy, not yet sixteen, deserved no gentler treatment than this, they were very soon and painfully undeceived. The youth became very ill. Without, it was said, displaying any positive ailment, he wasted gradually away, until, seriously alarmed, his parents resolved to sacrifice every scruple, and restore to him those hopes on which his life seemed really to depend. It was too late. The poor girl, whose home was at all times unhappy under the rule of a savage stepmother, in despair or indifference had accepted the first suitor who sought her hand, and left her home for ever.

From this period, which was further marked by the death of Captain Fellowes-Mountjoy, the poor young man had never, it was believed, been seen by human eyes, save by his mother, his physician, and one or two domestics in immediate attendance on him. To these alone was confided the secret of his mysterious ailment, and they kept it well. It was known that he was under no restraint, nor debarred, by causes other than his own will, from any amount of locomotion; that he ate, drank, slept, and fiddled (he was a fine violinist already), to use Mrs. Martin's homely phrase, "like a good un." He was heard to laugh merrily, to chat, and sing. It was, in short, abundantly evident that the young gentleman was not dying of a broken heart, nor of utter weariness of life. What could be wrong with him? Something was. He had been attended by four physicians, including one of the most eminent of his day, who came at great cost from London; but these gentlemen shook their heads, were dismissed in turn, and Mr. Grahame Mountjoy remained unseen.

About three years since, their country residence was let. Mr. Mountjoy, recluse as he was, longed for the sound and movement of a town. The Hornet seemed to suit him exactly, and here they were.

Susan pondered on the romantic narrative. "What do you think was the matter?" she asked.

Mrs. Martin shook her head, and declared, with evident truth, that she had no opinion to offer.

"Some think," she went on to say, "that his disappointment, poor gentleman! settled in his legs, which grew tremulous. That's not true, for I've seen his stockings. Others say that he'd turned bottle-green. But the doctor here (he's a m rry man—Doctor Leech) laughed heartily, and said, 'Not half so green as them that believes so.' If I had an idea," continued the good lady, "it is that he suddenly changed to— that his stomach being affected by—that there came out a—hush! I think I hear missis's door."

"A—what, dear Mrs. Martin?" asked her eager listener.

"Something that spoiled his good looks, poor gentleman!" said Mrs. Martin, hurriedly; "and very handsome 'tis said he was."

They rose as Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a kind smile, entered the apartment.

She was a refined, gentle-mannered woman, hardly more than forty, with traces of much former beauty, and a wistful, careworn look in her large brown eyes, so noticeable as at once to enlist the sympathy of those who looked on her.

Greeting Susan kindly, she sank into one of the chairs, pressing her hand to her side, as she did so, with a sigh of weariness or pain.

"You've been and tired yourself out again, ma'am," remarked the housekeeper, with respectful reproach. "You wants a fillip at once. Be ruled by me, ma'am, and let me—"

"No, no, Susan," said her mistress, stopping her peremptorily. "You see," she continued, addressing the new-comer, smilingly, "I have a Susan already, though she is much too grand a person to be called so by any but me. Your dear master has been so merry! I have not seen him in such spirits for years; no, not since—" she checked herself, suddenly. "And the remembrance of what he was, or might have been, came on me, for a moment, too strongly. I am tired," she owned, "but I would not sleep till I had seen my new Susan, and set at rest any apprehensions she might entertain as to what will be demanded of her."

"It has pleased Heaven," she continued, "to visit my poor son with an affliction so extraordinary, and yet, to the indifferent observer, so provocative of laughter, as to determine him, some time since, to seclude himself altogether from the world, save only myself and one or two chosen attendants, who can be relied upon to preserve his melancholy secret. Startling perhaps, but not revolting, his condition is one calculated to excite the strongest sympathy, without, however, reducing him to be especially dependent upon the good offices of any. He has many accomplishments, his intellect is bright and clear, and, indeed, the sole trace of any morbid influence shadowing his mind is noticeable in the advertisement which has brought you here. He insists that any one who, in the event of need, should divide with me the duties of reader and occasional companion, should be a woman with dark blue eyes. His ailment," concluded Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a sad smile, "dates from an incident in his life in which such a feature had an active share, and we have not deemed it prudent to oppose his fancy. 'Such,' she added, rising, 'are all the particulars you need at present learn, for my son would defer seeing you until your attendance becomes necessary. Meanwhile I can instruct you a little as to his tastes and ways, and our good Mrs. Martin will do her best to make you as comfortable as circumstances permit.' And with a kind good-night, Mrs. Mountjoy left the room."

"Well!" said Mrs. Martin, interrogatively. "I shall like her very much," said Susan, absently. "An 'ailment!' An 'affliction!' Yet sane and merry—" "Go to bed and dream of it, my dear," interrupted the other, lighting her lamp. They went up-stairs. Passing one of the doors opening on the corridor, Susan observed a rich brocade dressing-gown, hung upon a chair. There were slippers to match, lined, as Mrs. Martin whispered her to note, with the softest swan's-down. "One of its 'walking'-dresses," she added, with a hurried glance at the chamber, from which proceeded the sound of a pleasant, manly voice troling an Italian canzonet. "It!" repeated Susan, as she presently laid her head upon the pillow. "It!"

(Part II in our next.)

## BALLS.

On the whole, it is remarkable what an immense fund of good-humor is displayed by valgers in a crowded room. Collisions are accepted with the utmost placidity, and provoke only a smile. And even the terrible ordeal of a fall—than which no moment of ball-room existence is more trying—is undergone without loss of temper. Falls ought to be very rare except when men appear in uniform; then the much-abused spurs catch in trimmings and bindings, and occasion many a fall. On one occasion, at a full-dress ball, a lady was seen at one side of the room with her dress caught in the spur of a man who was at the other side of the room. Between the two was a huge length of binding, on and over which dancers were in the greatest possible danger of tripping. Spurs spoil dresses as well as tempers. It is questionable whether they are of much use in the field; they are of neither ornament nor use in the ball-room; and the sooner the authorities free men from the duty of wearing them there, the better.

There is one point in regard to the manners of men which is liable to be misunderstood. "Did Mr. A. dance with you, dear?" "No, mamma." "How very rude, when I asked him to dinner last week." Now, any man who has been going out for three or four seasons, will find it impossible to go into a ball-room without finding there far more partners than he can dance with in one evening. Some of them he must neglect, unless he were to cut himself into pieces or divide dances between two or more partners. It is quite a mistake for those with whom he does not dance to imagine themselves

purposely left in the shade. If Mr. A. is a *parti*, and is hunted by

the planters

Of matches for Laura and Jane,"

he is very likely to vote the whole thing a bore and avoid dancing altogether. If he is not a *parti*, he will perhaps devote himself entirely to chatting with the chaperons instead of dancing with the girls.

It is fortunate for the chaperons that there are some men who will do this. An occasional bit of chat must be an enjoyable variation of the endless duty of watching, watching, watching, half-asleep, yet obliged to keep awake, through the endless succession of rounds and squares. It has often seemed wonderful that a sort of Chaperons' Co-operative Society is not concocted, and that some few ladies of undoubted stability and wakefulness are not told off to do the duty at each ball for the whole number. Such an arrangement would enable ninety per cent. of those who now wait anxiously for the time when the carriage is ordered and the "just one more," is over, to be comfortably in bed, without interfering with the happiness or safety of their young people.

With many people a ball is not considered perfect unless it finishes with a cotillon. There are men who devote themselves to the encouragement of this idea, and who hop about London with the sole object of learning new figures, or taking care that the old ones are properly performed. It is possible to imagine a more worthy career than that of a cotillon-leader, but it is fortunate that there are to be found men who think themselves happy if they are allowed to adopt it. In more than one of the large houses in London the cotillon is the most important part of an evening's amusement. The utmost magnificence marks its course. The presents given by the men to the ladies, which are provided with lavishness, are valuable and of beauty. The figures are splendidly got up, and the whole thing is done as well as possible. But it is a question, nevertheless, whether even so a cotillon is an enjoyable dance. It is all very well in a small party, where every one knows every one else, but in a large town ball it is open to attack. Its essence is rivalry. One is preferred, the other rejected. Such a good humoured contest may be very well among friends, but it is questionable among strangers. More than one leader of a cotillon found this last year, and discovered that even men did not like to kneel at the feet of a strange young lady in the middle of the room, and be scornfully rejected. The dancers have to be too much *en evidence*, have to put themselves forward too much. If the cotillon is to be danced, it ought to be the invariable practice that the men are humiliated, and the women have it all their own way. The idea is that the utmost female caprice is encouraged—that the woman is a tyrant before which men bow down. But even if this principle is always carried out—and this is not so—the feeling that comparisons are odious makes a cotillon not quite thoroughly liked. It will not be found that the best people of either sex stay for the cotillons in London, whatever they may do in a country house.

It has been said that going to the balls exercises a considerable moral effect upon young girls. It does so to a certain extent also upon men, and perhaps even upon chaperons. In the little world of the ball-room many of those feelings, phases of character, and motives of action come into play, which influence life in the graver world outside. The pride of the proud, the cynicism of the cynic, the kindness of the warm-hearted, the softness of the gentle—all these are attributes which to no small extent affect the intercourse of people in a ball-room. Habits are formed, developed, or unlearned, which come not to an end when the time of ball-going is over. And the disposition which will be esteemed or loved in real life, will be popular in society. As the man is most popular who thinks and gives no offence, whose good humour attributes the best motives to every action, who goes through the world happy himself and using his best endeavours to make other people the same; so the girl who is never offended, never rude, who laughs if she is "thrown over," and who does not think that her friends mean to be unkind to her, will find herself with most partners and with the greatest capacity of enjoying her ball-going as well as her after-life.—*New York Home Journal*.

## THE WARM FULL MOON.

Poets have so long sung of the cold, chaste moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the earth (according to the image used alike by Wordsworth and Shelley), that it seems strange to learn from science that the full moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected; in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does—not, indeed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans—the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly ra-

diated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the mid-day heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away that snow crowns forever the mountain heights. Yet although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface, any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveller from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Accordingly Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar mid-day—or rather at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about two o'clock in our afternoon—to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown, by experiments which need not here be described, that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which of course must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not perhaps appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth, but not too well polished, metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced; this is reflected sun-heat: but if we wait while so holding the metal until the plate has become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognise a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try,—first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full moon sends earthwards both kinds of heat: she reflects solar heat just as she reflect solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to look just as large as the moon does. Or a disc of metal would serve equally well. Now the experiment may be easily tried. A bronze half-penny is exactly one inch in diameter, and as the moon's average distance is about 111 times her own diameter, a halfpenny at a distance of 111 inches, or 3 yards and 3 inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a halfpenny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin taken quickly and set 3 yards from the observer will give out, for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water, so much heat to the observer as he receives from the full moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter, and full of water at boiling heat, would serve as a more constant artificial moon in respect of heat-supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full moon is not easily measured, or even recognised. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence, in a room no otherwise warmed, of a one-inch globe of boiling water, 3 yards away! And by the way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Professor C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Tenerife experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of 3 feet.

But after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We cannot but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our Arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon—unless it be underground life, like that of the Modoc Indians (we commend this idea specially to the more ardent advocates of Brewsterian ideas respecting other worlds than ours.) And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical process at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvellously as the alternate waves of heat and cold pass over it. The material of that crater-covered service must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems altogether unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon,—a wall sinking here or a crater vanishing elsewhere?—The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundation.

Our moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to us terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet.—*Spectator*.



## THE CLOUD.

A cloud came over a land of leaves  
(O, hush, little leaves, lest it pass you by!)  
How they had waited and watch'd for the rain,  
Mountain and valley, and vineyard and plain,  
With never a sign from the sky!  
Day after day had the pitiless sun  
Look'd down with a lidless eye.

But now! On a sudden a whisper went  
Through the topmost twigs of the poplar-spire;  
Out of the east a light wind blew  
(All the leaves trembled, and murmur'd, and drew  
Hope to the help of desire),  
It stirred the faint pulse of the forest-tree  
And breathed through the brake and the brier.

Slowly the cloud came; then the wind died,  
Dumb lay the land in its hot suspense;  
The thrush on the elm-bough suddenly stopped.  
The weather-warn'd swallow in mid-flying drop-  
ped,  
The linnet ceased song in the fence,  
Mute the cloud moved, till it hung overhead,  
Heavy, big-bosom'd, and dense.

Ah, the cool rush through the dry-tongued trees,  
The patter and plash on the thirsty earth,  
The eager bubbling of rannel and rill,  
The lisp of leaves that have drunk their fill,  
The freshness that follows the dearth!  
New life for the woodland, the vineyard, the vale,  
New life with the world's new birth!

—All the Year Round.

## Thackeray's "Gray Friars."

BY AN OLD "GOWN-BOY."

There is an eloquent passage in one of Victor Hugo's novels, in which the writer affectionately apostrophizes the Paris of his youth—those quaint old streets of the *Quartier Latin* so redolent of the happy associations, which spring to the springtime of life. Were Thackeray living now, he would, we fancy, experience emotions very similar to those of his French *confrère* should he try to find his beloved "Gray Friars," which lives enshrined in the most pathetic scene he ever penned, and is ever and anon coming before us in the pages of his several stories. It is but a few years since the author of *Vanity Fair* passed away, yet already Gray Friars' surroundings are no longer those with which he was familiar.

Descending Holborn Hill five years ago, you found yourself, when at the foot of that celebrated thoroughfare, at Snow Hill, just at that point where the words, "Here he is, father!" struck upon the parental ears of Mr. Squeers as his son and heir manfully "went for" Smike. Turning to the left, instead of proceeding up Newgate Street, a circuitous street took you to Smithfield, so long associated with stakes and steaks. Thence, when half-way through the forest of pens, you turned sharp off to the left, and then, after another hundred yards by a turn to the right, found yourself in a long narrow lane, called Charter-House lane. This brought you presently to some iron gates admitting you to a quaint and not very mathematical quadrangle, such as you would never have dreamed of stumbling upon there. This is Charter-House Square, which, still intensely respectable, was once eminently fashionable. At one corner of it is a little recess known as Rutland Square, for on this site once stood the abode of the dukes of that ilk, and near to it is a stately mansion with a high pitched roof which was in days long gone the residence of the Venetian ambassador. A garden occupies the centre of the square. Everything is neat, orderly and severely dull, the most dissipated tenants of the square being boarding-house keepers of a highly sedate description. The secret of all this tremendous respectability is to be found in the contiguity to the Charter-House itself, a portion of whose buildings abut on the square, which, with many of the streets adjoining, belongs to this wealthy institution. Four years ago the place was so secluded that a stranger to London might have walked around the spot a dozen times without suspecting its existence, and living in one of its comfortable old mansions supposed himself in the cathedral close of a provincial city. The entrance to the Charter-House itself is under an archway through venerable oaken portals, which are said—and there seems no reason to question the statement—to be the identical gates of the monastery which occupied the ground in the time of Henry VIII. This monastery had been a religious house of the Carthusians.\* The order first came to England in 1180, and was seated at a place called Witham Priory† in Somersetshire, to this day known as Charter-House Witham. There Henry II. founded and endowed a monastery. The London branch of the establishment at Witham was founded by Sir Walter de Manni, seigneur de Manni in Cambrai, France, who was made a knight of the Garter by Edward III., in reward for gallant services. Manni founded the house in

pious commemoration of a decimating pestilence, on which occasion not fewer than fifty thousand persons are said to have been buried within the thirteen acres which he bought and enclosed, and a gentle eminence known as the "hill" in the play-ground, separating what was called "Upper Green" from "Under Green," is said to owe its shape to the thousands of bodies buried there. Manni died in 1781: his funeral was conducted with the utmost pomp, and attended by the king and the princes of the blood.

A hundred and fifty years rolled on without aught very momentous to interrupt the daily routine of the monks of Charter-House, who, had there not been a woman in the case, might possibly be the occupants of the ground to this day. When, however, Henry's fancy for Anne Boleyn led him to look with favor on the Reformation, the Charter-House, in common with other such establishments, came in for an ample share of Thomas Cromwell's scrutinizing inquiries. And a sad fate its occupants had. Required to take the oath of allegiance to Henry VIII., they refused. Froude, who gives them an extended notice, says: "In general, the house was perhaps the best ordered in England. The hospitality was well sustained, the charities were profuse. Among many good, the prior, John Haughton, was the best. He was of an old English family, and had been educated at Cambridge. He had been twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. He is described as small of stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified; in manner he was most modest, in eloquence most sweet, in chastity without stain."

On the fourth of May, 1535, Haughton was executed with all the horrors attending the punishment of death for high treason in those barbarous times. He and his companions, certain monks of Sion Priory, died without a murmur, and Haughton's arm was hung up under the archway of the Charter-House beneath which the visitor drives to-day, to awe his brethren. The remnant never gave in. Some were executed; ten died of filth and fever in Newgate; and thus the noblest band of monks in the country was broken up by Henry's ruthless hand.

The Charter-House was then granted to two men, by name Bridges and Hall, for their lives, after which it was bestowed in 1545 on Sir E. North. North's son sold it to the Duke of Norfolk, who resided there, on and off, until decapitated in 1572. The duke was beheaded by Elizabeth for intriguing with Mary Queen of Scots, and the papers proving his offence are said to have been found concealed beneath the roof of the stately mansion he had erected for himself at the Charter-House. Before the duke came to grief that most erratic of sovereigns was a visitor at his house—as, indeed, where was she not?—coming thence from Hampton Court in 1568, and remaining a day with him; and when her successor, James I., came to take up her English sceptre, he, mindful of what the Howards had suffered for their sympathy with his mother's cause, came straight thither from Theobalds, his halting-place next to London, and remained on a visit of four days.

From the duke of Norfolk the Charter-House passed to his eldest son by his second wife, Lord Thomas Howard, who was created by James I. Earl of Suffolk; and he, about 1609, sold it to Mr. Thomas Sutton.

Sutton's career was remarkable. It was said of the late Earl of Derby that even had he been born in a shepherd's cot on Salisbury Plain, instead of in the purple at Knowsley, he would still have proved himself a remarkable man. In local phraseology he was "bound to get on," and so was Thomas Sutton. The son of a country gentleman at a place called Knaith in Lincolnshire, he inherited early in life a good property from his father, and spent some time in travelling abroad. Then he became attached to the household of the duke of Norfolk, probably surveyor and manager of that great peer's vast estates, and in 1569, when a serious disturbance broke out in the north of England, he repaired thither, and greatly distinguished himself in aiding to quell it. He then received the appointment of master-general of ordnance for the North for life.

Whilst in the North he found another mode of making hay whilst the sun shone. Soon after his arrival he bought a lease of the bishop of Durham of the manors of Gateshead and

\* Lord Suffolk probably applied the purchase-money (thirteen thousand pounds) to help build the palace, called Audley End or Inn, he raised in Essex. It stands on abbey-land granted by Henry VIII. to his wife's father, Lord Audley of Walden, near Saffron-Walden in Essex, and was generally regarded as the most magnificent structure of its period, although Evelyn gives the preference to Clarendon House, that grand mansion of the chancellor's which provoked so much jealousy against him, and came to be called Dunkirk House, from the insinuation that it was built out of the funds paid by the French for Dunkirk. Abbey-lands are supposed by many to carry ill-luck with them, and quickly to change hands. Audley End has proved no exception to this hypothetical fate. Only a portion of it now remains, but this, though much marred by injudicious alterations, is amply sufficient to show how grand it was. It has long since passed out of the hands of the Howards, and now belongs to Lord Braybrooke, whose family name is Nevill. A relation of his, a former peer of the name, edited the best edition of *Pepys' Diary*, in which and in Evelyn is frequent reference to Audley End.

Wickham, and worked the collieries on these properties to such good purpose that on coming up to London in 1580 he brought with him two horse-loads of money, and was reputed to be worth fifty thousand pounds—a great sum in those days.

About 1582 he increased his wealth by marriage, and commenced business as a merchant in London. His large amount of ready money—a commodity especially scarce in those days—soon enabled him to carry on very large commercial operations; and amongst other sources of wealth he probably derived considerable profit from his office of victualer of the navy. In 1590, finding himself without prospect of children, he withdrew from business, and retired to the country, having already invested largely in real estate. Although very frugal, there are sufficient evidences of his liberality to the poor on his property; and it seems not improbable that his charitable schemes now began to take definite form, for after his death a credible witness stated that Sutton was in the habit of repairing to a summer-house in his garden for private devotion, and on one of these occasions he heard him utter the words: "Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate: give me also a heart to make use thereof."

About 1608, when he had quite retired from the world, he was greatly exercised by a rumor that he was to be raised to the peerage—an honor which it was contemplated to bestow with the understanding that he would make Prince Charles, subsequently Charles I., his heir. This was a court intrigue to get his money, but an urgent appeal to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and the earl of Salisbury, prime minister, appears to have put an end to trouble in the matter. He died on the 12th of December, 1611, at the age of seventy-nine, leaving immense wealth, and on the 12th of Dec., 1614, his body was brought on the shoulders of his pensioners to Charter-House Chapel, and interred in a vault ready for it there, beneath the huge monument erected to his memory.

The death-day of the founder is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Gray Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a godly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which, we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, heraldries, darkies and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here; and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of our time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us would kick our shins during service-time; and how the monitor would cane us afterward because our shins were kicked.

"The service for Founder's Day is a special one. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are! how beautiful and decorous the rite! how noble the ancient words of the supplication which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen under those arches."

Having resolved to found a charity which should provide both for young and old, Sutton, who had ample reason fully to appreciate the unprincipled and grasping character of the court, proceeded to take every precaution that sagacity and ingenuity could suggest to keep his money secure from the hands of such harpies as Carr and "Steenie," and hedge it round with every bulwark possible. Perhaps he consulted "Jingling Georgie," then planning his own singular scheme,† on the point, and got him to persuade the king, always vain of his scholarship, that it would well become him to become patron of an institution having for one of its main objects the education of youth in sound learning. Be this as it may, the fact is certain that a de-

† The order of proceedings was subsequently inverted.

\* *The Newcomes*: "Founder's Day at Gray Friars." On one of the last Founder's Days of his life Thackeray came with a friend early in the day, and scattered half sovereigns to the little gown-boys in "Gown-boys' Hall."

† Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, vol. xi., 28.

gree of royal and other powerful protection was somehow secured for the institution which for all time prevented its funds from being diverted to other purposes.

Sutton's bequest of the bulk of his estate to charitable uses was not unnaturally viewed with strong disapprobation by his nephew, one Simon Baxter, for whom he had, however, not neglected to provide, who brought a suit to set aside the will. However, notwithstanding that he had Bacon for his counsel, he failed to interfere with his uncle's disposition of his estate; the court holding that the claims of kinship had been sufficiently recognized.\*

In the same year, 1614, the institution opened. The rules and orders for its government may yet be seen, bearing the autograph signature of Charles I., then prince of Wales. From that time almost every man in the country, of the first rank of eminence by birth or fortune, has been a governor, and the name of Cromwell may be seen not far from that of Charles on the roll. Up to about 1850 the patronage was vested exclusively in the governors. Amongst these were always included—though not necessarily—the sovereign, the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London. The remainder were men eminent in Church or State, "the master of the hospital," who must not be confounded with the schoolmaster, being the only official member. The sovereign had two nominations to the other governors' one. Thackeray makes the great marquis of Steyne a governor, and shows how little Rawdon Crawley benefited by that august personage's patronage: "When Lord Steyne was benevolently disposed he did nothing by halves, and his kindness towards the Crawley family did the greatest honor to his benevolent discrimination. His lordship extended his goodness to little Rawdon: he pointed out to the boy's parents the necessity of sending him to a public school; that he was of an age now when emulation, the first principles of the Latin language, pugilistic exercises and the society of his fellow boys would be of the greatest benefit to the boy. . . . All objections disappeared before the generous perseverance of the marquis. His lordship was one of the governors of that famous old collegiate institution called the White Friars. It had been a Cistercian convent in old days, when Smithfield, which is contiguous to it, was a tournament ground. Obstinate heretics used to be brought thither, convenient for burning hard by. Henry VIII., the Defender of the Faith, seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and hanged and tortured some of the monks who could not accommodate themselves to the pace of his reform. Finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, and with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous foundation hospital for old men and children. An extern school grew round the old almost monastic foundation, which subsists still with its Middle-Age costume and usages; and all Cistercians pray that it may long flourish. Of this famous house some of the greatest noblemen, prelates and dignitaries of the land are governors; and as the boys are very comfortably lodged, fed and educated, and subsequently inducted to good scholarships at the university and livings in the Church, many little gentlemen are devoted to the ecclesiastical profession from their tenderest years, and there is considerable emulation to procure nominations for the foundation."

It was originally intended for the sons of poor and deserving clerics and laics, but many of the noble governors of the institution with an enlarged and rather capricious benevolence, selected all sorts of objects for their bounty. To get an education for nothing, and a future livelihood and profession assured, was so excellent a scheme that some of the richest people did not disdain it, and not only great men's relations, but great men themselves, sent their sons to profit by the chance.

A boy on the foundation received his education entirely free. Whilst within the walls he was clothed in black cloth at the expense of the house and even had shirts and shoes provided for him. His only expenses were a fee to the matron of twenty-five dollars a year, and the cost of books, stationery, etc., the whole amounting to a sum less than one hundred dollars a year. On leaving school for college he received an allowance—four hundred dollars for three years and five hundred dollars for the fourth.

There may have been a time when much of the patronage was improperly bestowed, but this certainly was not the case in our day. The majority of the boys on the foundation were the sons of well-born and often distinguished gentlemen of small means, and the sort of perversion of patronage to which Thackeray alludes had ceased to take place. When some of the places on the foundation were thrown open, it was a subject of general remark that several of the boys who got scholarships were those whose parents could perfectly have afforded to give them a first-class education.

\* Simon Baxter was his only sister's son. Sutton had left him an estate which in 1615 he sold to the ancestor of the present earl of Sefton for fifteen thousand pounds—equal to about seventy-five thousand pounds now—and a legacy of three hundred pounds.

† This was a post which Thackeray coveted, and had he lived might possibly have filled. The master's lodge, a spacious antique residence, lined with portraits of governors in their robes of estate, by Lely, Kneller, etc., would in his hands have become a resort of rare interest and hospitality.

\* The original seat of the Carthusian order was at Chartreux in Dauphiny, where it was founded by Saint Bruno.

† Witham, which is not far from Fonthill, became in 1763 the property of Alderman Beckford, the millionaire father of the celebrated author of *Vathek*.



Probably there will some day be a reaction in England in this matter. The prevalent present plan is to give every advantage to the clever boy (which means a boy who has a faculty for acquirement, but often lacks those qualities most needed to make him a valuable citizen), and to let those who are not so bright at book-learning, and need every aid, scramble along as they can. It was certainly not the system which Sutton designed, and there are not a few who, without being by any means bigoted conservatives, consider that the utter indifference displayed of late years to the intentions of founders is quite unjustifiable, and offers little encouragement to those who would be disposed to make similar bequests.

At Oxford, for instance, nearly every scholarship is now thrown open to general competition. This sounds very fine, but is in utter disregard of the fact that the founder in most instances was induced to bequeath his money with the view that those who came from the part of the country to which he himself belonged should benefit. Of course, time had rendered necessary certain changes, but these have been sweeping to a degree which is inconsistent with a due regard to the wills of the dead, and meanwhile no one seems disposed to admit that the public schools or universities turn out men one whit better than in days gone by, or indeed do more for the general education of the people.

Recently a sweeping change has been made at the Charter-House, which had seemed to be almost proof against innovation. So far as nominating boys to the foundation, the governors' patronage will, after one more term apiece, be at an end, and the privilege of participating in Sutton's benefits will be open to all boys who have been for some months members of the school, and are clever enough to beat their fellows in competition. The governors reserve, however, their right of nominating aged or disabled men, whose number now, we believe, amounts to one hundred.

A school day at Charter-House began at eight, with what we called "first school." Prayers, lasting about five minutes, took place in the large school-room. These were read by a "gown-boy" monitor. The lessons at first school consisted entirely of repetitions—repeating Latin poetry, and occasionally prose. As each boy finished his repetition—the boys being taken up in the order in which they were numbered the previous day—he left the school and went to breakfast. Breakfast consisted of an almost unlimited supply of hot rolls and butter and milk, but this was supplemented in the case of almost every boy by edibles purchased with his pocket-money. For those who had the privilege of fagging this was recognized and allowed, and in regard to the rest was connived at, and marmalades, potted meats and such-like relishes freely circulated, being supplied for the most part by the servants, who drove a lively trade in such comestibles.

Toasting was brought to the very highest perfection. Never before or since have we tasted anything of its kind so good as a buttered roll toasted. It was a French roll buttered all over outside, and then skillfully grilled until the outside was a rich crisp brown. This was brought by the fag to his master "hot and hot," and, being cut open, eaten with butter. The rooms were warmed by immense open fireplaces, there being no limit to the expenditure of coal, which was prodigious.

In our time (1847-1853) there was an immense deal of fagging, which has, we believe very properly, much diminished. Under boys were called in to perform many menial offices which should have been done by servants. The task-work which by "gown-boys" was most disliked was what was called being basonite. This duty devolved upon the twelve junior boys occupying what was known as "the under bed-room." To this hour we recall with horror how on a gloomy, foggy, wintry Monday morning we remembered on waking that it was our basonite week—for a fresh set of three went to work each Monday morning—and that we must get up and call the monitors. This basonite duty consisted of the most elaborate valeting. Each monitor's clothes were brushed, warm water was fetched and poured out for him, and everything so arranged that he might lie in bed up to the last possible moment, and then—one small boy being ready with his coat, another with his waistcoat, and a third with his cap—be able to dress in five minutes and rush into school. At midday, when the monitors washed their hands for dinner, similar work had to be done, and again in the evening, when they washed their hands for supper. The only set-off to all this was that each monitor had been a basonite, and each basonite had a very good chance of becoming a monitor. But it was carrying the fagging system to far too great an extent, and the practice is now greatly modified.

The domestic arrangements were in many respects rough and comfortless, and so intensely conservative were the ruling powers in these respects that complaint or remonstrance scarcely received any attention. On the other hand, the utmost liberality prevailed in most matters. The foundation scholars' dinner, for instance, was provided in long, low, old-fashioned, oak-paneled hall, admirably adapted for the purpose. The food was excellent in quality, unlimited in quantity, and very comfortably served. The only drawback was want of variety, and the perennial reappearance of raspberry tartlets every Wednesday at length provoked a mutiny against that form of pastry, the order being passed down that no one was to touch it.

An upper boy had two fags, the inferior of the two being called his tea-fag. A good feeling nearly always subsisted between master and fag,

inasmuch as the former generally selected a boy he liked; and indeed in many cases the connection engendered a warm and lasting regard between the parties. The fag had access to his master's study, could retreat there to do his lessons in quiet, and not unfrequently was assisted in them by his master.

Those who came off worst were dirty boys: no mercy was shown them. One such we can recall—now a very spruce, well-appointed government official—whose obstinate adherence to dirt was marvelous, seeing what it cost him.

There are always some bullies among a lot of boys, but serious bullying was uncommon, and not unfrequently a hideous retribution befell a bully through some "big fellow" resolving to wreak on him what he inflicted on others. We can recall one very bright, brilliant youth, now high in the Indian civil service, whose drollery when bullying was irresistible, even to those who knew their turn might come next. "Come here, F—," we remember his saying to a fat youth of reputed uncleanness: then dropping his voice to a tone of subdued horror and solemnity, "I was shocked to hear you use a bad word just now." "No indeed, B—," protested the trembling F—. "Ah, well, I'm certain that you are now thinking it; and, besides, at any rate, you look fat and disgusting; so hold down your hands;" and poor F— retired howling after a tremendous "swinger"—i. e. swinging box on the ear.

The school was divided into six forms, the sixth being the highest. Below the first form were two classes called upper and lower petties. Up to 1850, classics were the almost exclusive study, but the changes then made in the curriculum of studies at Oxford rendered attention to mathematics absolutely necessary. Much less stress was laid upon Latin verses at Charter-House than at Eton, and a Latin prose composition was regarded as the most important part of scholarship, inasmuch as a certain proficiency in it is a *sine qua non* at Oxford. French was taught twice a week by a master of celebrity, who, however, did not understand the art of dining learning into unwilling boys. It rarely happens in England that boys acquire any real knowledge of French at school: those who gain the prizes are almost invariably boys who have resided abroad and picked up the language in childhood. Music was taught by Mr. Hullah, and attendance on the part of gown-boys was compulsory. Drawing and fencing were extras.

Very great importance was attached to the annual examination, which was conducted by examiners specially appointed by the governors. The result, which was kept a close secret until "Prize Saturday," was as eagerly looked forward to as the Derby by a betting man. The different forms were divided into classes, as at Oxford, according to merit, and the names printed along with the examination papers in pamphlet form. After this examination boys went up to the form above them, each boy usually remaining a year in each form.

The system of punishment was as follows. A book called the "Black Book" was kept by the school monitor of the week, there being four gown-boys—that is, foundation—monitors who took the duty of school monitor in rotation. A boy put down for three offences during the same week was flogged, but the end of each week cleared off old scores. The entries were in this wise:

Name of Boy.	Offence.	By whom put down.
Robinson, 1 ...	Idle.....	Dr. Saunders.
Smith, 1, 2.....	Talking in School..	Mr. Curtis.

"Go and put your name down," a master would say. "Oh please, sir, I'm down twice." "Then put it down a third time." Then would follow entreaties, which, unless the delinquent had been previously privately marked down for execution, would probably avail. When a flogging offence was committed a boy was marked down thus:

Robinson, 1, 2, 3 ...	Impertinent ...	Mr. —
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The flogging varied much in severity according to the crime. The process was precisely the same as at Eton. Partially denuded of his nether garments, the victim knelt upon the block, the monitor standing at his head. The birches were kept in a long box which served as a settee, and were furnished periodically by the man who brought the fire fagots. Now and again the box would, by the carelessness of the functionary called "the school-groom," be left open, and it was then considered a point of honor on the part of an under boy to promptly avail himself of the opportunity to "skin" the rods—i. e., draw them through a piece of stuff in such a way as to take the buds off, after which they hurt very much less.

Serious offences, such as insubordination and gross disobedience, were punished by a flogging with two birches, which was too severe a punishment. The degree of pain varied very much according to the delicacy of skin, and no doubt some boys—one of our comrades had been flogged about twenty-five times—did not feel much after many floggings, becoming literally case-hardened; whereas, we have known a boy compelled to stay in bed two or three days from the effects of a flogging which would have left little mark upon the "twenty-fiver." When a victim issued from the flogging-room the questions from an eager throng were, "How many cuts, old fellow? Did it take much? You howled like the devil!"

In what is known as "The Charter-House Play," which describes some boyish orgies and

The monitors were furnished with small canes, which they were permitted to use with moderation, but nothing like the horrible process of "tunding," as at Winchester, was known. The theory of entrusting this power to monitors is, that if you do not give certain boys the right to punish, might will be right, whilst the monitors, being duly made feel their responsibility, will only punish where punishment is properly due, and will serve as a protection to the weak.

There was a half-holiday every Wednesday and Saturday. Every Saturday upper boys who had friends might go out from Saturday till Sunday night, and lower boys were allowed to do the same every other Saturday. These events were of course greatly looked forward to from week to week. Not the least agreeable feature was the probable addition to pocket-money, for in England it is the custom to "tip" school-boys, and we have ourselves come back joyous on a Sunday evening with six sovereigns chinking in our pockets. Alas, no one tips us now! Then there was the delight of comparing notes of the doings during the delightful preceding twenty-four hours. Thus, whilst Brown detailed the delights of the pantomime to which Uncle John had taken him on Saturday night, Robinson descanted on the marvels of the Zoological Gardens, with special reference to the free-and-easy life of monkeydom, and Smith never wearied of enlarging on the terrors and glories of the Tower of London. Altogether, there were fourteen weeks' holiday in the year—six weeks in August, five at Christmas, and three a Whitsuntide, with two days at Easter.

There were several beds in each bed-room, and there was a very strict rule that the most perfect order should prevail. In fact, lower boys were forbidden to talk, but talk they always did, and long stories, often protracted for nights, were told; and for our part, we must confess that we have never enjoyed any fictions more than those.

Evening prayers took place in the several houses at nine, after which the lower boys went to bed. A junior master—there was one to each house—always attended at prayers, which were read by a monitor. Before prayers names were called over and every boy accounted for.

Although in the midst of brick and mortar, two large spaces, containing several acres, were available for cricket, whilst foot-ball—and very fierce games of it, too—was usually played in the curious old cloisters of the Charterhouse monks which opened on "Upper-Green." The grass-plot of Upper-Green was kept sacred from the feet of under boys except in "cricket quarter," as the summer quarter was termed. It was rolled, watered and attended to with an assiduity such as befalls few spots of ground in the world. The roof of the cloister was a terrace flagged with stone, and on the occasion of cricket-matches a gay bevy of ladies assembled here to look at the exploits of the young Rawdon Crawleys and Pendennis of the day. Immediately opposite the terrace, across the green, on the immensely high blank wall, was the word "Crown" rudely painted, and above it what was intended as a representation of that sign of sovereignty. This had a history. It was said to have been written there, originally by "the bold and strong-minded Law," commemorated by Macaulay in his Warren Hastings article, who became Lord Ellenborough, and the last lord chief-justice who had the honor of a seat in the cabinet. It was probably put up

their subsequent punishment, the latter is described in the pathetic lines:

Now the victim low is bending,  
Now the fearful rod descending,  
Hark a blow! Again, again,  
Sounds the instrument of pain.

Goddess of mercy! oh impart  
Thy kindness to the doctor's heart;  
Bid him words of pardon say—  
Cast the blood-stained scourge away.

In vain, in vain! he will not hear:  
Mercy is a stranger there.  
Justice, unrelenting dame,  
First asserts her lawful claim.

This is aye her maxim true:  
"They who sin must suffer too."  
When of fun we've had our fill,  
Justice then sends in her bill,  
And as soon as we have read it,  
Pay we must: she gives no credit.

There is some rather fine doggerel too, in which the doctor—the Dr. Portman of *Pendennis*—apostrophizes a monitor in whom he had believed, but finds to have been as bad as the rest. *The Doctor* (with voice indicative of tears and indignation):

Oh, Simon Steady! Simon Steady, oh!  
What would your father say to see you so?—  
You whom I always trusted, whom I deemed  
As really good and honest as you seemed.

Are you the leader of this lawless throng,  
The chief of all that's dissolute and wrong?

Then with awful emphasis:

Bad is the drunkard, shameless is the youth  
Who dares desert the sacred paths of truth;  
But he who hides himself 'neath Virtue's pall,  
The painted hypocrite, is worse than all!

In acting this play the manner of the real doctor (Mr. Gladstone's old tutor, now dean of Peterborough) was often imitated to the life, which of course brought down the house.

originally as a goal for boys running races, and for nearly a century was regularly repainted as commemorative of a famous alumnus who was so fondly attached to the place of his early education that he desired to be buried in its chapel, and an imposing monument to his memory may be seen on its walls. Between Upper and Under Greens, on the slight eminence to which we have alluded, stood "School," a large ugly edifice of brick mounted with stone, which derived an interest in the eyes of those educated there from the fact that the names of hundreds of old Carthusians were engraved on its face; for it was the custom of boys leaving school to have their names bracketed with those of friends; and when Brown took his departure his name was duly cut, with a space left for Robinson's name when the time of his departure came.

These stones have now exchanged the murky air of London for that of one of the pleasantest sites in Surrey. Charter-House School has, after passing two hundred and sixty years in the metropolis, changed its location, and must be looked for now on a delightful spot near Godalming in Surrey. The governors very wisely determined about five years ago that boys were much better in country than in town, and, having ample funds, took measures accordingly. Last October the new buildings were ready for the boys' reception, and they met there for the first time. The stones, however, were, with a sentiment most will appreciate, removed, in order to connect the past with the present, for the Charter-House must ever have many tender ties binding it to the site of the old monastery with its rich historic memories; and however famous may be the men who go forth from the new ground which Sutton's famous foundation occupies, it must derive a great part of its fame for a long time to come from the place which sent out into the world Addison, Steele, Thirlwall, Grote, Leech and Thackeray, not to mention a host of names of those who in arms and arts have done credit to the place of their education.

The home for aged and infirm or disabled men will remain where it has always been. This establishment has indeed been a welcome refuge to thousands who have known better days. Men of all ranks and conditions, who have experienced in the afternoon of life country winds too powerful for them to encounter, have here found a haven for the remnant of their days. Some have held most important positions, and a lord mayor of London, who had received emperors at his table, was a few years ago one of Sutton's "poor brethren." The pensioners were always called cods by the boys, probably short for codgers. Each had a room plainly furnished, about one hundred and fifty dollars a year, rations, and a dinner every day in the great hall. The boys, who did not often know their names, gave them nicknames by which they became generally known. Thus three were called "Battle," "Murder" and "Sudden Death;" another "Lark," in consequence of a certain levity of demeanor at divine service. These old gentlemen were expected to attend chapel daily. Every evening at nine o'clock the chapel bell tolled the exact number of them, just as Great Tom at Christ Church, Oxford, nightly rings out the number of the students. Being for the most part aged men, soured by misfortune and failure, they are naturally enough often hard to please and difficult to deal with.

No passage in Thackeray's writings is more deeply pathetic than that in which he records the last scene of one "poor brother," that Bayard of fiction, Colonel Newcome: "At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum' and fell back. It was the word he used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

In his curious *London and the Country, Carbondado and Quartered into several Characters* (1632); Lupton writes under the head of

"CHARTER-HOUSE.  
"This place is well described by three things—magnificence, munificence and religious government. The first shows the wealth of the founder; the second, the means to make the good thing done durable; the third demonstrates his intent that thus established it... This one place hath sent many a famous member to the universities, and not a few to the wars. The deed of this man that so ordered the house is much spoken of and commended; but there's none (except only one—Sion College) that hath as yet either striven to equal or imitate that, and I fear never will."

A blushing maiden of forty summers entered the Town Clerk's Office, in Wheeling, W. Va., recently, and asked, in a voice trembling with agitation, for a license. The clerk took down the name and address of the visitor. "Name and address of the other party?" asked the clerk. "Faithful, and he lives with me," replied the fair one. The clerk looked at her for a moment, and blushing completed the filling of the document, which he handed to the lady. He was astonished at her conduct. She gave one glance at the license, hoarsely whispered "monster!" and swept majestically out of the office. The clerk had presented her with a marriage license, when it was a dog license she wanted.



## THE PRUSSIAN ECCLESIASTICAL LAWS.

Shortly after the passing of the four Acts which have introduced so remarkable a change into the ecclesiastical system of Prussia, the Catholic bishops immediately affected by them met together, and it is now announced as the result of their deliberations that they cannot possibly accept the new order of things which is to be imposed upon them. They will resist so far as resistance may be possible, and, if they obey, they will only obey under protest. It was scarcely possible that they should come to any other conclusion, for these Acts are a negation of every claim which the Romish Church makes in its dealings with the State. The Prussian priest will be nominally uncontrolled in his spiritual functions, but the State will interfere with him at every turn, and will exercise over him a ceaseless control. The details of these Acts are well worth studying, for it is only by reading their provisions that we can understand how severe is the pressure which the State is to exercise. From the first moment when his preparation for his sacred office begins the State takes the priest in hand; it sees that he is educated properly, sanctions the exercise of his functions, removes him if he offends against secular law, restrains his action towards his fellows, and allows him to enforce none but spiritual penalties against the laity. Certain provisions are made in favor of those who are already priests, or who are on the point of becoming priests; but, for the future, the new system of control will be rigidly applied. In the first place, none but a German or a naturalized foreigner is to exercise spiritual functions in Prussia; and the Germans who exercise them must be a German educated in a particular way. He must first duly pass through a gymnasium; he must then go through a three years' course of theological study, either in a State University or in a seminary under State control; and, lastly, he must satisfactorily pass a public oral examination conducted by State officials, the object of which is to show that he possesses what the Act terms the knowledge peculiarly necessary for his calling—that is, the knowledge of the philosophy, history, and German literature. No new seminaries are to be established; students in the Universities are not to be allowed to belong at the same time to seminaries; and it is only if he lives in a place where there is no State University that a student may go to a seminary at all; while every teacher in a seminary must show that he has received an education satisfactory according to a lay standard. Nor will the priests in future be permitted to get hold of the young and give them a special and appropriate training. Existing seminaries for boys are not to be closed at once, but then they are not to be allowed to receive any new pupils; and, if they venture to receive any, they are to be immediately shut up. The Act, in fact, recognizes that there must be priests, and that priests must learn theology; but it insists that priests shall be Germans with a German lay education, and with their minds full of German philosophy, German history, and German literature. No enactment could possibly run more counter to the whole spirit and teaching of modern Ultramontanism.

When the priest has been properly trained in this way, the time will arrive for him to be inducted into some spiritual office. His superior who proposes to appoint him must immediately give notice of his intention to the President of the province, and a similar notice must be given if it is proposed to transfer a priest from one spiritual office to another, or if merely a temporary occupant of the office is to be appointed. Within thirty days the President may object to the appointment on the ground that the nominee has not received a proper education, and does not know philosophy, history, and literature as well as a good priest ought to know them, or that the nominee has been convicted of, or is being prosecuted for, an offence against secular law; or, lastly, on the ground that he is a dangerous person, and not inclined to render due obedience to the State. Against this injunction of the provincial President the ecclesiastical superior is permitted to appeal to a new ecclesiastical tribunal constituted by one of these Acts, the character of which tribunal is sufficiently indicated by the provision that six out of its eleven members must be ordinary lay judges. But the State has another danger to guard against besides that of the wrong man being put into the place. There is the danger lest the place should remain unfilled. The Act therefore provides that within a year from the date of the vacancy the place must be filled up. If it is not filled up, the income attached to the office is stopped, the income of the superior who ought to appoint is stopped, and the superior is subjected to a fine not exceeding one thousand thalers, which fine is to be repeated until his contumacy is vanquished. The priest himself also who ventures to take an appointment without due permission, or temporarily performs the duties of a charge which the State requires to be permanently filled, is to be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred thalers. Further, if the priest, after having been appointed, is guilty of any serious transgression of the secular law—as, for example, if he makes himself a party to any movement which the State considers prejudicial to its interests—he is by the mere fact of his conviction rendered incapable of discharging his spiritual duties; and if he persists in acting as if he were still competent, he becomes liable to a heavy fine. All these enactments must be put together in order to see how great is the change which the position of priests in Prussia will undergo. To us

who are accustomed to live among clergymen who have received the usual English education at large schools, who have then gone to an English University and taken the same degrees as their friends destined for lay professions, it may seem natural and right that what we know and approve of in England should be insisted on in Prussia. It is one of the great boasts of the Church of England that its ministers are in this way brought into harmony with the laity, share the same thoughts, and are animated by the same political instincts. But the Church of Rome wishes for something totally different. It wishes for a priesthood forming a caste distinct from the laity, trained in its own peculiar way, and breathing its own peculiar spirit. In Prussia it will not have any such priesthood; and the priesthood which it gets will not only be trained in what it thinks a wrong way, but will be subjected to a supervision it abhors, and will be constantly suspected of acts which are as meritorious in the eyes of Rome as they are treasonable in the judgment of Berlin.

But the jealous watchfulness of the State is carried still further. A properly trained priest guilty of no offence against the State might still, in the exercise of his spiritual functions, be inclined to tyrannize over other priests or over laymen. Two other Acts tie him up as tight as Acts can tie him, lest he should transgress in this direction. The discipline of the Church over ecclesiastical authorities. Punishment can only be inflicted after proceedings have been taken in a formal manner, after the accused has been heard, and after the grounds of condemnation have been duly recorded. No corporal punishment is to be inflicted, the delinquent can only be fined to the extent of a month's salary, and although he may be sent to a penitentiary for three months, he cannot be sent out of Germany. And his detention must be immediately notified with the most precise details to the provincial President, who can shut up any penitentiary he pleases, and can punish with a fine not exceeding a thousand thalers any attempt to establish a more rigorous discipline than the Act permits. If the delinquent thinks himself unjustly treated, he can appeal to the new ecclesiastical Court, and especial care is taken to provide that one ground of this appeal shall be that an attempt has been made to prevent his appealing. The State, too, can itself appeal, or rather can carry the case before the ecclesiastical tribunal, if it thinks that the continuance in office of a priest is dangerous to public order. The previous Act had provided that a priest convicted of an offence against public order should be deposed; but this Act goes further, and provides that a priest who is merely considered to be a dangerous person may have proceedings taken against him. His own ecclesiastical superiors are to be first invited to take upon themselves the responsibility of deposing him; but, if they decline, the authority of the tribunal is to be called into play; and if, after it pronounces against him, he presumes to discharge the duties of his office, he is liable to a fine not exceeding a hundred thalers, which is to be increased to a thousand thalers if he persists in his offence. The laity are protected by an Act, which provides that no ecclesiastical punishment can be inflicted affecting their personal liberty, their property, or their civil status. Nor can any ecclesiastical punishment be inflicted if its ground is that the offender has done something which the State requires him to do, or has voted or not voted where the State permitted him a free choice. For purely spiritual offences a spiritual penalty may be inflicted; but then no public notification of its infliction may be made, and all that may be done is to announce to members of the same communion that it has been inflicted; and even then this announcement must be made in language which cannot convey any unnecessary pain to the offender. The spiritual terrors of excommunication thus remain; but every precaution is taken that, in this world at least, they shall operate in the mildest possible manner. If it is the duty of a State to protect his subjects against their spiritual pastors and masters, every one must allow that Prussia has now fulfilled this duty as it was never fulfilled before.—*Saturday Review*.

## GOING TO LAW.

Anybody who goes to law now a days without fully appreciating that there is a very good chance that he will be mulcted in a very large sum has either had but little experience or has been marvellously lucky. Going to law is, in fact, one of those expensive luxuries which, can, by men of moderate means, only be indulged in at rare intervals, and it is a process from which, after one or two trials, people will resolutely shrink. It is all very well for a man, when his blood is up, to nearly ruin himself to damage a foe, but, after a time, he will come to the conclusion that he had better try to live at peace with his neighbors. You may occasionally meet the individual who, at a moment's notice, will work himself into a great rage, and declare, accompanying his words with such violent gesticulation, that he will spend his last shilling in getting justice. But, if you will take the trouble to watch this being through the various courses through which he passes, you will find that he comes out of them, in a general way, very much humbled, and not at all eager to repeat the experiment which involves for him such disastrous results.

Where is the man who has the courage and the mendacity to assert that our laws are anything but perfect? They are, it is said, founded

upon justice, and justice never trips. They fill—we are afraid to say how many ponderous volumes. Some of them are as difficult to understand as are the utterances of the Oracle of Delphi or the mysterious Sphinx, and what cannot be understood is, it is very well known, in English eyes, the very acme of perfection. No doubt laws often contradict each other, but then that may be construed into being evidence of their many-sidedness, and shows that all parties who invoke their aid have a fair and equal chance. Besides, it is notorious and antagonistic elements very frequently make up a perfect whole; witness the air we breathe, which is constituted by conflicting gases. We shall not, then, at any rate, venture to hint a doubt as to the superlative excellence of our laws. It is well to speak with profound admiration and respect of the magnificent beings who are connected with the law. Those who are established in certain posts are far exalted above the criticism of ordinary men; or, if comment be offered, they can afford to scorn it. They are prepared to do so much work per diem. If there is more work than can be done in the set time it must stand over, and those concerned must bear all the expenses and inconveniences involved in the delay. Nothing can make the mighty potentates of the law depart from their method of dignified slowness. They are not affected by the feelings of suitors. This is not quite the case with those who occupy the position of go-betweens. It must be understood that such is the legal etiquette, if a man wants to have a little fight in the law courts he must secure the co-operation of one or more of these go-betweens, who will instruct other and more exalted go-betweens what to do. The principal result accruing from this is that the "case" is made thoroughly respectable by a most formidable bill of costs being tacked on to it. The minor go-between goes by the name of lawyers; the exalted go-betweens are known as barristers. The lawyer is supposed to advise you what is the best course to pursue under the various circumstances in which you may be placed. He does this, with touching condescension towards your mean capacity, at so much the interview. It is a peculiar fact that he will discover that your case is a "knotty" one, and that there are many novel points bearing upon it which require consideration. He has to see you a great many times upon these novel points, and you marvel at his patience and devotion to your cause. To prevent your being placed in a false position he considerably charges you for each interview, and, to prevent all possibility of your feeling under any obligation to him, piles on a little bill on account of other charges, at the sight of the total of which your equanimity is, nine times out of ten, very seriously disturbed. He is ever full of the most cheering sympathy, and smiles confidence and encouragement when you excitedly heap denunciations on the head of your foe. You want to go on a good deal quicker than he does. He counsels prudence, and shows that there are many obstacles to be surmounted before you can hope to attain your object. He doesn't believe in settling a matter out of hand. Even after your case has come up for trial he is quite ready to consent to an adjournment, if the other side wishes it, or if the other side does not express any desire to the effect he will often go to the trouble of suggesting one himself. If you venture to hint disapproval he shows you it can't be avoided and hints that you should be very pleased with the turn affairs are taking. He constantly points out to you fresh omens of encouragement. By the time you get into the hands of the barrister your friend, the lawyer has got a beautiful bill against you, which, if there is reason to believe you are short of cash, is at once presented, with a pretty plain hint that payment will oblige; but which, if you are understood to be a man of means, is permitted to remain hidden from your gaze for some time longer. The barrister generously condescends to take your case, likewise the fee which is marked on the back of his brief. If it is quite convenient for him to attend the court and plead for you he will very kindly do so; but, if he has business arrangements elsewhere, you must not be surprised if he is conspicuous only by his absence. Your miserable fee is too trivial a thing either for him to return or to allow to stand in the way of his attending at some more lucrative or convenient call of duty. You have nothing to complain of, even if your case be lost and yourself put in for a very considerable sum, for his conduct is in strict accordance with etiquette. But if he can find the time to attend and plead for you—even though he has none to study his brief—he will do his best to convince the world that you are the most disinterested and long-suffering mortal that ever existed, and that your opponent is a base wretch, whom it would be flattery to call a man. Nothing can diminish his faith in you—not even an adverse verdict. This, indeed, in many cases, only urges him to make fresh efforts on your behalf. A new trial—probably in a higher court—is demanded. The demand is acceded to, the lawyers set to work again, the barrister gets another fee, the case is once more tried and once more lost, and you pay the piper? Happy man! Happy country to have such a simple and inexpensive legal system.

In sober earnestness, it is easier to get into the lawyer's hands than out of them. Many systematically prey upon their victims so long as it is possible to do so. They act, in some instances, with perfect legality, if not honesty. But the misery they work is none the less for all that. Law should be administered in such a manner that the humblest suitor should have no impediments in the way of his going to the fountain head and obtaining justice.

## FOLLOWING THE ADVICE OF A NEWS-PAPER PARAGRAPH—THE EFFECT OF POURING COLD WATER DOWN A DRUNKEN MAN'S SPINE.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," says he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth.

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, that man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see the man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and moistened his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as tho' he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presumed so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It want much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant."

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith, but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it want much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and square things to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied with increased emotion:

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw; and Mr. John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. Blah—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see that man what printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back remained until about 6 o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and he will not be back before September, 1873.

The local of the Watertown Times wants red-haired girls substituted in the streets of that city for the useless oil lamps.



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

AN order by the Sultan forbidding the wearing of turbans in places of public amusement is creating some disturbance at Constantinople.

It is a curious fact that all the great ocean steamship lines—British, French, and German—employ Scotch engineers, almost exclusively.

PRINTING was introduced into America at Mexico, in the year 1540, by the Jesuits, the first book being a religious work entitled "A Manual for Adults."

THE exportation of Arab horses from the provinces of Bagdad and Syria has been prohibited for the next seven years, with a view to preserving the breed, which has been seriously diminishing in those parts of the empire.

PRINCE OF WALES.—The following are the names of the Prince of Wales's children:—Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, born Jan. 8, 1864; Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, born Jan. 3, 1865; Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born Feb. 20, 1867; Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Marie, born July 6, 1868; Princess Maude Charlotte Marie Victoria, born Nov. 26, 1869. Besides the above a child was born more recently, but died a few days after its birth.

ABSURDITIES AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—The firm providing the English refreshments is not English. The thing is well managed and so forth, but it is not so entirely British as it ought to be. For instance, the bill of fare this "dai" includes "Sir Loins" of beef, "Chees and salade," "Sherries goblers," and "Pastry-aux-fruits." The barmaids are got up in an over-done British style, some of them with exaggerated tow-like mounds of head-dress or hair, whichever you like to call it, that look as if they had been made to clean out an Armstrong gun, but do not give intelligent foreigners a real notion of the normal barmaid.

THE swallow, in Germany, is deemed a sacred bird. Like the stork, it preserves the house on which it builds its nest from fire and lightning. The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as He hung upon the cross; hence they have a great reverence for this bird, and will never destroy it. In France, in the Pays de Caux, the wren is a sacred bird. To kill it, or to rob its nest, is deemed an atrocity which will bring down the lightning on the culprit's dwelling. Such an act was also regarded with horror in Scotland. Robert Chambers mentions the following popular male-diction upon those who rob the nest of the wren:—

"Malisons, malisons malr than ten,  
That harry the lodge of Heaven's hen!"

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE POPES.—The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX., is 257. Of these, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen; 9 Greeks; 7 Germans; 5 Asiatics; 3 Africans; 3 Spaniards; 2 Dalmatians; 1 Hebrew; 1 Thracian; 1 Dutchman; 1 Portuguese; 1 Candiot; and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the 23rd and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the chair in 1410. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than 1 month, thirty less than 1 year, and eleven more than 20 years. Only five have occupied the Pontifical chair over 23 years. These are: St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor 25 years, 2 months, 7 days; Silvester I., 23 years, 10 months, 27 days; Hadrian I., 23 years, 10 months, 17 days; Pius VI., 24 years, 8 months, 14 days; Pius IX., who celebrated his 25th year in the Pontifical chair, June 16th, 1871.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

In the young shoots of the bamboo occurs a bitter principle to which an officer of the Bombay government calls attention, as of probable value in the medical treatment of fever.

EVERY man who works indoors at any trade or pursuit which requires a cap on the head to protect the air from dirt should wear a paper one, instead of one of cloth or other heavy material. The latter so heats the head as to injure the scalp, and in multitudes of cases causes baldness.

A LAMP for use in diving-bells has been constructed by M. J. D. Pasteur of Gennep. He has ascertained that the air which has been breathed by the diver, although of course no longer fit for respiration, still suffices to maintain combustion, and this is utilized by his lamp, which yields a light whereby small handwriting can be read without difficulty, at a considerable depth below the surface.

NEW KIND OF GUNPOWDER.—A novel description of gunpowder, possessing extraordinary projectile power, is said to have been recently adopted by the Prussian artillery. It is composed of a certain proportion of nitre and sawdust, and in this state can be kept in store without fear of explosion. To render this composition explosive, it is necessary to add a sufficient quantity of sulphuric acid to make it cohere; and when dried, it is ready for use. This composition has certainly the advantage of cheapness, combined with extreme simplicity in its manufacture, and is said to leave but little residue after being fired.

STRYCHNIA FOR BLINDNESS.—Prof. Nagel of Tubingen has published reports of cases in

which he has, by the use of strychnia, restored sight to patients suffering from decay of vision or from blindness. Strychnia, as is well known, is a deadly poison, but it has a wonderful effect in stimulating the nerves, and Professor Nagel found that in diseases of the optic nerves, whether functional or organic, its operation was alike speedy and efficacious. The quantity used is of course exceedingly small—one-fortieth of a grain—mixed with water, and this solution is not to be swallowed, but is injected under the skin of one of the arms, which seems to render the result more remarkable. This remedy has also been tried by oculists elsewhere, and with marked success.

THE scientific surveying ship *Challenger*, on her voyage from Tenerife to St. Thomas, dredged from a depth of 3,125 fathoms, at a place about one-third of the way across from the Canary Islands to the West Indies. This is deep enough to submerge the Alps and leave half a mile of water above the summit of Mont Blanc. Dredging from these great depths is not very difficult, but requires a good deal of patience, as each haul occupies twelve hours. Among the most interesting acquisitions of the cruise thus far is a perfectly transparent lobster totally blind. This curious creature, which is entirely new to science, has no eyes and no traces of any. It has been found that the bottom of the ocean, even at great depths, is not so free from rocks as it is generally said to be.

BAMBOO PAPER.—The British consul-general at Havana has recently called attention to the enormous quantities of fibrous vegetables which the island of Cuba produces. Some paper-makers have made experiments, it is said with success, on the fibre of the bamboo and on some of the creeping plants indigenous to the island. The bamboo has been devoted to the service of literature as long as the papyrus itself. More than two thousand years before the Christian era, the conquerors of China signalized the establishment of a new dynasty in the Flowery Land by a conflagration of the national records. These documents were written on plates of bamboo. How far they went back takes us almost beyond the Flood. The dynasties of Yu, Chang and Chea had inscribed their records on bamboo plates for a thousand years before their barbarous destruction under the Tsin kings. Books of this primitive nature may be seen among the curiosities in the King's Library at the British Museum. But to use the plant, not as wood, but as paper, to tear asunder the durable and jagged fibres only that they may be felt together in a finer and closer union—to supersede the toil of the chiffonnier by that of the cane-cutter—is a new application of an old material. It would be of great utility to those who are making experiments of this nature on the utilization of the vegetable fibre to make themselves acquainted with the mode and materials of manufacture now used in Japan. Paper in that wonderful island empire serves purposes unknown in literary Europe and America. It is hard as *papier maché*, or soft and delicate as cambric. It is there used for manufactures as diversified as they are numerous.

## FAMILY MATTERS.

PACKING BUTTER.—It is generally packed in a dry cloth, in a hamper called a butter flat, the butter being made in 2lb. rolls, and put upright. It keeps best in a cool place.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Blanch and pound  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of almonds to a smooth paste; mix with 3oz. of butter, 4 eggs, the rind and juice of a lemon, 1 pint of cream, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 glass of sherry. Stir these ingredients well together, and put into a pie dish lined with puff paste; bake for half an hour. This is a very rich pudding.

SHRIMP CURRY.—Take a pint of fresh prawns or shrimps picked from the shells, and let the same be well sprinkled over with a sufficient quantity of curry-powder to impart a spicy flavor to them. Have some fresh boiled spinach at hand, and mix the fish with it, taking care to see that they are well worked up together. Fry in good butter for a few minutes, and they will be done. Serve them up hot.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Scald in a quart of boiling water, remove the skins, and put the tomatoes into a saucepan. Stew slowly for one hour. Strain through a colander, and return the thin portions to the saucepan. Add a tablespoonful each of grated bread-crumbs, loaf sugar, butter and minced onions, a teaspoonful of salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Stir all well together, boil up once, and serve hot or cold.

LAMB CUTLETS WITH GREEN PEAS.—Take some neatly-trimmed neck cutlets, and brush them over with well-beaten yolks of eggs, and then sprinkle with bread-crumbs seasoned with a little pepper and salt. Then fry for eight or ten minutes, according to size, over a clear fire. Place about enough green peas to be served with the cutlets in the centre of a good-sized dish, and arrange the cutlets tastefully around it.

TO PRESERVE GREEN TOMATOES.—Take green tomatoes of any size; pull off the stems; boil them in plenty of water till tender, but do not let them break. Strain the water from them. Make a syrup, allowing one pound of sugar to a pint of fruit boiled; add bruised ginger, lemon-peel (pared very thin), and lemon-juice according to taste. Boil the tomatoes till they are clear. Just before taking off the fire add a small quantity of brandy—about two tablespoonfuls to six pounds of fruit.

VEAL CAKE.—Cut some slices of cold roast veal very thin, and add a few slices of ham;

chop two sprigs of parsley fine, and cut three hard-boiled eggs into slices. Take a mould, butter it, and put the veal, ham, eggs and parsley in layers until the mould is full, seasoning each layer with pepper and salt, placing a few slices of egg at the bottom of the mould at equal distances. Fill up with good stock and bake it half an hour. When cold turn it out, and garnish with a little parsley.

MINCED MUTTON.—This is a very useful preparation of "cold mutton," and will be found excellent for a change. Cut slices off a cold roasted leg of mutton, and mince it very fine; brown some flour in butter, and moisten it with some gravy; add salt and pepper to taste, and let it simmer about ten or fifteen minutes, to take off the raw taste of the flour; add another lot of butter, and some parsley chopped fine, then add the minced meat, and let it simmer slowly, but not to boil, or the meat will be hard.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Put two quarts of gooseberries into a stewpan with a quart of water; when they begin to turn yellow and swell drain the water from them, and press them with the back of a spoon through a colander. Sweeten them to your taste, and set them to cool. Put two quarts of milk over the fire, beaten up with the yolks of four eggs and a little grated nutmeg. Stir it over the fire until it begins to simmer, then take it off and stir it gradually into the cold gooseberries; let it stand until cold, and serve it. Half this quantity makes a good dishful.

GOOSEBERRY CHUTNEY.—Brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. powdered ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mustard seed, bruised;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. raisins, stoned and chopped; 2oz. onions, chopped fine; 3oz. French garlic, chopped fine; one pint unripe gooseberries, one pint vinegar. The sugar to be made into a syrup with a quarter of a pint of the vinegar; gooseberries to be cut into very small pieces and boiled in half a pint of the vinegar. When cold put into a basin and mash until quite small; pound the garlic, and add the other ingredients with the remainder of the vinegar until well mixed. Tie close for one month before using.

## HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THAT was an unhappy editor who wrote that "White pique costumes are now popular," and was gravely informed by the proof next morning that "white pine coffins are not popular."

A VERY wicked man in Hollidaysburg, having recently been taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

A WIDOW in New York has been three times married. Her first husband was Robb, the second Robbins, and the third Robinson. The same door plate has served for the whole three, and the question now is, what extended name can be procured to fill out the remainder of the space on it.

"MAY it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the city judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus. 'Well,' said a fellow in an undertone, who stood in the rear of the court, 'these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door.'"

FROM Athol we hear of a good Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer, exclaiming to a portion of the congregation who always spoil the melody, "Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who can't sing would wait until you get to the celestial regions before you try." The hint was a success.

GONE.—A little boy who was this afternoon crossing St. Joseph street at Chaboulez Square took a fit of coughing and before he ceased expectorated a 25c. piece, which he was carrying in his mouth. The coin fell between the bars of the grating over a sewer, much to the rhin's disgust. He wept as he left the scene of accident penniless.

IN a Scotch church recently after the publication of the banns of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the banns between a certain couple. On being called upon for an explanation, "I had," he said, pointing to the intended bride, "I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered sufficient.

A WARNING.—Be careful how you go to sleep at an auction. A New York gentleman settled himself in a comfortable chair, and his senses soothed by the auctioneer's lullaby, soon dropped asleep. When his nap was over he left the place. The next day he was astounded at the receipt of a bill for several hundred dollars' worth of carpets and other things. The auctioneer had received his somnolent nods for bids.

ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Mr. Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. "Weel, ma lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but," he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have putten them on the wrang side o' your head, my woman."

WHERE THE ADVANTAGE WAS.—"I had more

money than he had to carry on the suit," said a very mean Glasgow individual who had just won a law-suit over a poor neighbour, "and that's where I had the advantage of him. Then I had much better counsel than he, and there I had the advantage of him. And his family were ill while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But, then, Brown is a very decent sort of a man, after all." "Yes," said his listener, "and there's where he had the advantage of you."

THE manager of a London theatre lately condescended to hear in his sanctum a young man (who had an unfortunate hesitation in his speech) read a short farce, the sole condition being that it should not occupy more time than it took to finish the weed the manager had just lit. Away they both start, the one reading, the other smoking, but as the mild Havana reaches its termination, the worse the young author splutters; they finish together. Of course the question is immediately put, "What do you think of it?" "Well," replies Mr. Manager, "not half a bad idea; father, mother, lover, daughter, all stuttering, will have a novel effect." The author, furious, exclaims: "They don't stammer; it's only my misfortune." "Oh, then the play ain't funny at all; sorry I can't accept it," replied the manager.

A PROMINENT citizen of Detroit is the father of two mischievous lads, aged about twelve and six years. The boys had embarked in some speculation or frolic, and to complete their arrangements an expenditure of about fifty cents was necessary. They made application to *pater familias*, in proper form, but were not successful in raising the requisite currency in that quarter. They set their wits to work. The fractional currency they must have, and to raise it this novel expedient was hit upon: A sack was procured and the street anxiously watched for the "rag man." I due time the accumulator of defunct apparel made his appearance. The younger hopeful was speedily disposed in the sack, the mouth tied, and this bundle of animated rags being duly weighed was disposed for the sum of sixty cents. But here one of those accidents that always will happen at the wrong time, marred the whole clever scheme of the lads. The bundle was roughly pitched into the junk dealer's wagon. In its fall it came in contact with a piece of old iron. Suddenly there was a scramble, and a squall issued from the interior of the sack. A lively panic ensued. The elder lad scampered off with his ill-gotten gain, with the rag-man in hot pursuit. The money was recovered, the lad in the sack issued forth whimpering about his bruises, the man who so nearly escaped being the victim of the sell drove off, the boys retired, no doubt meditating on the poet's proverb: "The best laid schemes of mice and men (and boys) gang aft a-glee."

## OUR PUZZLER.

## 5. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. 500; 2. A part of the foot; 3. A small ship; 4. The skin of animals; 5. A mineral; 6. A harsh sound; 7. Having many sides; 8. Not plausible; 9. A gap; 10. Opposite to nature; 11. A description of the earth; 12. To change; 13. A dog; 14. A long substance; 15. Pines; 16. 250.

H. HARCOURT, JUN.

## 6. PUZZLE LOVE-LETTER.

Wonsmo reitak mypininand,  
2 sh omil utvoy um ydeer;  
Becausipro misdwenwepr ted—  
Lavinm ealbro knard—  
That winu'dg one X thee,  
I'dnot 4 get to write llye.

Whinwilly ecummo me lmdyuret risure?  
Tisalong wileu rabsint. Twud film ewidpleasur,  
Cudiwonsmo rebut say urdeefras, meboy,  
Twud make metoapayidddy ingofjoy.

W. T. WIGLEY.

## 7. ENIGMATICAL REBUS.

What we'd all wish to do  
If we could get our wishes,  
E'en beasts, birds and reptiles,  
Worms, insects and fishes.

But transpose, I'm a cause,  
And if mix'd I'm no better,  
Tho' you'll send me to church  
If you drop the first letter.

Change again, I'm a priest  
That once flourish'd in Shiloh  
And commix yet again  
And I'm false as Dellah.

Now should you feel puzzled  
In solving my riddle,  
You will find in my last,  
That I stand in the middle.

S. MOORE, Quebec.

## ANSWERS.

95.—CHARADES.—1. Shy-lock, in "Merchant of Venice." 2. Sun-shade.

96.—ENIGMA.—Crown. 1. Crown of the hill. 2. A crown, &c. 3. Crown of the head. 4. Crown of the hat.

97.—QUARTETTE OF IRISH TOWNS.—1. Mayo, 2. Downpatrick, 3. Antrim, 4. Maryborough.

98.—METAGRAM.—Stone, tones, ton, not, one.



## THE HANDSOME WIDOW.

BY M. A. NEDSMUL.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor one cool evening in October, and at the word in I went into the middle car on the Grand Trunk Railway, and the next moment we were moving rapidly along the rails down the front of the bay at Toronto, our destination being Montreal.

The cars were utterly crowded, as they usually are, but from some cause or other they were particularly so on this occasion, and I was forced as one of the latest to content myself for a period with a seat on the chest common on cars at the entrance in front of the crammed and crowded seats. Then for a moment I was occupied with the vista of lights, bags, shawls, and faces, the hum of voices, and the movement of the wheels, and I settled down into my place.

But now for my story. Down went my bag, and a circular package, which next moment rolled off, and as it lighted on the floor fell close to the prettiest foot that ever flashed in and out beneath a woman's robe on this universe. I fell in love in a moment with the foot—I often fall in love—and catching up my package, I glanced at the lady. She was about five-and-twenty, I am about—say forty, in fact I don't like to tell exactly how old I am—but there, she was about five-and-twenty, as I am telling you. Well, she was dressed in widow's weeds, cap, crapes, bonnet and all, the *tout ensemble* showing that it was quite recent, in fact that he could not have been long dead, a few months or so, but there—she was a charming widow.

You will hardly believe me, but you never saw such a woman in all your life. It's no use to "pooh, pooh." Oh what bright eyes! What a ruby mouth! What sweet gloved hands! I like small gloved hands; and then I knew that she must be tall from the way she sat on the seat, although I am not particular about height. I think she saw that I was struck with her. There must have been something about me that made her think so. But I fell in love first with her foot, then with herself. At any rate she looked pleased. I was pleased, and it seemed to me that all the lamps, bags, shawls, and faces in the whole car, although minding their own business, looked pleased too.

I'm a very modest fellow, but now the conversation had become general, and I took advantage every moment to steal looks at the pretty widow. You'll see my taste in a minute in these things. She had rich, deep, silky, wavy, brown hair; soft, deep, blue eyes; a nose straight and well defined; bright white teeth; and oh! such a race of sweet delicate dimples ran over her cheeks and chin when she smiled or looked out of the window close to me. In fact, a perfect woman, and you won't question my judgment.

At the first station our overcrowded state experienced some relief, and long before we reached Cobourg, noted for handsome women, we began to feel at ease and make preparations for the night. On a vacancy occurring, the lady, with a plain girl that accompanied her, rose and seated herself cosily just behind; and I, who had reached Toronto after a fatiguing trip, followed her example, reversing the seat she left and still in front of the beautiful widow.

The plain girl lay down. The passengers disposed themselves as if no handsome widow was there, and there we were left face to face in the most dangerous proximity I was ever in in my life. I looked, I cannot tell how, at the widow. She took out a cambric handkerchief and applied it to her eyes with a beautiful wave of the hand. Instead, however, of removing it wet with desolate tears, she waved it afresh and looked at me. I gazed at her hair. She looked at my whiskers. I stole a glance at her graceful neck. She gave an involuntary glance at my heart. We were often interrupted by the opening doors and the rattle of the train, but we sped on and on far into the night, on and on, on and on, Kingston, Brockville, till I was in a state of perfect enchantment.

The fatigue of the previous day induced me to lean a little backward, when suddenly the widow beckoned to me. I rose at once and followed my enchantress into a garden. There, taking my hand, she led me to a rustic seat, and putting her white arms around me (in some manner she had divested herself of her upper robe), she kissed me full on the lips, which I returned with ecstasy. She then told her love and I confessed mine. Love at first sight, you know, is best. Then somehow we were in a chamber interlocked in each other's arms, when we kissed and fondled each other, until at last she said I cannot allow that unless I am

married. And now I heard the church-bell of my own village, and was walking up the aisle with my sweet widow. My old friend the clergyman was waiting in the chancel, and soon we joined hands. The words were said, and I had just turned to give my wife her wedding kiss, when a horrid voice roared in my ear: "Tickets! Dear me, will the man never wake up! Your ticket!" "Baggage!" roared another. "What house, sir?" "The Albion, of course!" I roared, "confound you," in vexation. But I do declare that widow is this moment in Montreal.

## LIFE-SONGS.

BY AMY KEY.

A brook flashed from a rugged height,  
Merrily, merrily glancing;  
The songs of the summer light  
Kept time to the tune of its dancings.  
Fond eyes looked on its dewy sheen,  
Reading fate in its waters;  
"Darling, the song of the brook is for you,



"FOND EYES LOOKED ON ITS DEWY SHEEN."

Fairest of earth's dear daughters,"  
Bright eyes looked on its dewy sheen,  
And the songs of their lives rang clearly:—  
"The world is fair! the world is fair!"  
"And I love, I love you dearly."

Autumn leaves, like a fairy fleet,  
Swept down towards the river;  
The false wind moaned through the dreary sleet—  
"The flowers are dead for ever!"  
Sad eyes looked down on the shadowed stream,  
Reading fate in its measure;  
"For me your song, for my withered life,  
Pain in the mask of pleasure."  
Sad eyes looked on the shadowed stream,  
And the songs of their lives rang clearly:—  
"The world is sad! the world is sad!"  
"Oh! I loved, I loved him dearly."

A flush, a glow on the winter skies,  
Earth smiles in her happy dreaming;  
Whispers the wind, "Arise! arise!"  
The dawn of spring is beaming.  
Calm eyes look down on the sunny brook,  
With a smile that has conquered sadness—  
"Your song is for me in this sweet spring time,  
In heaven is perfect gladness."  
Calm eyes look on its dewy sheen,  
And the songs of their lives ring gaily:  
"The spring is here! the spring is here!"  
"I find strength for my burden daily."

## THE POPE AT HOME.

At last the hour of eleven arrived, and we drove to the Vatican, where the famous Swiss Guard—lanky, ill-shaped men, it must be confessed, in yellow and black trousers, with long dark-blue coats—pointed out our way. Their hideous costume is said, of course, to have been designed by Michael Angelo; and an American traveller gave us the myth which has grown up round its origin. "I will tell you," he said, "the secret history of the uniform of the Swiss Guard. In early days the brave and famous Swiss Guards were not so sedulous in their attendance to duty as might have been expected. The soldiers of a pope are but men, after all, and just as Knights-bridge Barracks are said to supply the British household with many an Adonis, so when a Swiss had failed to answer to the roll-call, he was often found to have been detained by some trans-Tiberine Venus. Thereupon, Michael Angelo invented this uniform. It is considered to be the greatest triumph of his genius, and he vindicated its place among the foremost creations of art by the completeness with which it fulfils its purpose. Since this uniform was invented, no Swiss Guard has at any time excited the

the ground, and rubbed his forehead upon the foot of the pope. All the visitors had been ranged in line; and the pope passed along the line, giving to each person his ringed hand to kiss, the whitest, plumpest little hand it had ever been my fortune to see. He asked us in French if we were Americans, expressed his delight at being answered in Italian, and pronounced the blessing, from which, by a polite but expressive gesture, he seemed to exclude us who were not of the faithful:—"Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis descendat super vos et maneat semper, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." Then he passed into the next room, and we trooped into the ante-chamber, to see him again as he came out. Ladies, and gentlemen who brought ladies, had been received in the second room; and we met a friend who had escorted, besides an English lady, the daughter of the landlord of his lodgings. Through his landlord's interest with the prior of a convent he had that morning obtained admission. That is how we saw the pope. No question had been asked about religion, nor, as far as we could ascertain, about social standing. The pope receives constantly, and is said to enjoy the proceeding very much, probably taking as a tribute to his sovereignty what is often nothing more than curiosity. Curiosity is sometimes not tempered, with much respect; and we met at Naples two young Englishmen fresh from Eton, who, having received tickets for an audience held on Thursday, left on Wednesday, after returning their invitations, in order not to miss the fine weather. It may sound ungrateful in our mouths to say so, but it seems to us that the easy kind of introduction upon which the pope grants audiences has a tendency to make him what is expressively termed "too cheap."—*Chamber's Journal*.

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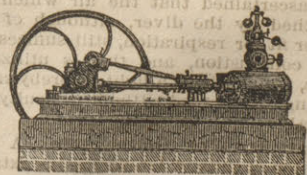
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